

Aug 9/88

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED

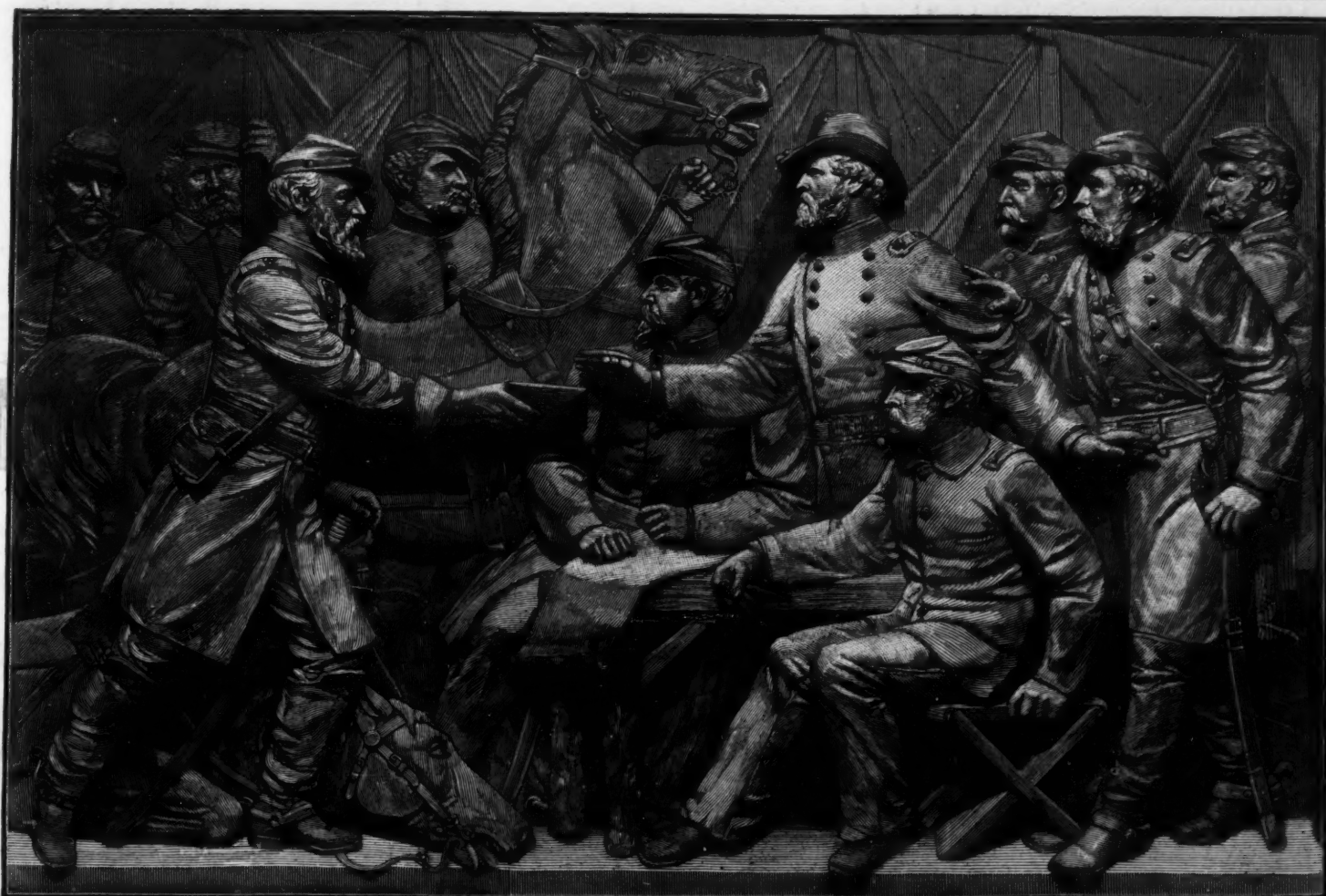


Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.—Entered at the Post Office, New York, N.Y., as Second-class Matter.

No. 1,655.—Vol. LXIV.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 4, 1887.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY. 12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



1. GARFIELD DELIVERING A DISPATCH TO GENERAL THOMAS. 2. GARFIELD TAKING THE OATH AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

AMERICAN SCULPTURE.—THE BASS-RELIEFS FOR THE GARFIELD MONUMENT AT CLEVELAND, OHIO, EXECUTED BY CASPAR BUBERL.

SEE PAGE 258.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JUNE 4, 1887.

A PARTY TO CARRY NEW YORK.

IT is a singular political experiment, the Democratic party of New York electing for Mayor a politician who closes the saloons on five Sundays in succession and directs the whole force of the police towards the suppression of notorious haunts of vice. Fernando Wood, thirty years ago, tried the experiment with excellent effect on his own political fortunes. Mayor Hewitt is more honest in his policy than Fernando Wood, since he is in the main a Republican by his inherent constitution, and only a Democrat by the accident of geographical location. But the Democratic party stand towards Mayor Hewitt much in the attitude of the Greek artist who first prayed that his statue might live, and then prayed to be delivered from the bedevilment caused by the granting of his own petition. Thousands of them are now praying that the Mayor may again be turned into marble, as his virtue and innocence are playing the mischief with their trade.

How is all this to apply on the practical politics of the immediate future? Mayor Hewitt can scarcely reinforce the Democratic party from the ranks of Dr. Crosby's Temperance adherents. Can low license be reinforced from high license—still less from prohibition?

On the other hand, the Labor party, which is securely pledged against Mr. Hewitt to all time, would find it difficult to form any union with Tammany Hall and the saloons. This assures three parties in the field for as long a period ahead as the horoscope can now be cast; viz., the united Democracy, the Labor party, and the Republican party.

Of these, the Republicans represent the most brains and largest business interests; the Democratic party has the best organizations and working machinery; and the Labor party has the most carbonic acid gas and "hurray." The Temperance element figures for more than it is numerically worth so long as it acts in and through the other organizations, and declines all invitations to reveal its numerical weakness by going on dress parade as an independent fourth party. Its leaders, however, will naturally decide with great caution and judgment with which of the three parties it will cast its fortunes. Such of them as are content to vote for the best Democrat will be won to Hewitt. The more strenuously, however, the Sunday laws are enforced, the stronger will be the determination of the Democratic party to secure, at the first opportunity, a let-up in their enforcement. This will marshal their forces for the next campaign on the personal liberty line, or an open Sunday and free beer.

The Republican party contains, however, four-fifths of the genuine Temperance men of the State and an insignificant proportion of the saloon-keepers and vicious classes. It is more feasible for it to press advances in reformatory legislation with sincerity than it is for the Democratic party. It can by right measures, therefore, place itself in essential harmony with the Temperance party notwithstanding the temporary side-current of popularity which may accrue to the Democracy through Mayor Hewitt's enforcement of the Sunday laws. These right measures would include a thorough organization of the Republican party for the city on a platform in four planks, viz.:

1. Efficient legislation in behalf of Temperance against the Saloon.
2. Protection to taxpayers, business, commerce, transportation, and the public order, against the revolutionary tendencies of state socialism and anarchism.
3. Protection to the general industries of the country against the insidious demand for unlimited foreign competition.
4. Cleansing the path to office from the abuses of the primary convention system and from corrupt influences.

If the several individuals, organizations and organs which have these interests at heart could be brought together under one controlling direction, and if the voters of the city who are in harmony with these principles could be invited and induced to co-operate in each assembly and election district, by electing delegates somewhat after the manner in which the Tammany General and District Committees are chosen, so as to give effective expression to the latent judgment of the now unorganized mass of the people in behalf of these principles, it would inaugurate the party which would carry and hold the City of New York for years to come. Briefly, the platform would be: 1. Temperance; 2. Social order; 3. Home industry; 4. Political purity; 5. A thorough organization of the masses believing in these ideas, so as to make them effective practically at the polls, not merely in controlling the higher offices, but the lower as well. Orderlies and sergeants must be provided, as well as brigade commanders.

AMERICAN CRIMINALS IN CANADA.

THERE is comfort in thinking that our neighbor on the north is ashamed that her territory has become the resort of thieves and swindlers from the United States, and that she is anxious to establish an extradition treaty which will relieve her of the odium that has thus fallen upon her. "It is a great nuisance to us," said Sir John MacDonald, the Premier of the Dominion

Government, lately, "to be made the receptacle for all your runaway defaulters and embezzlers." That England is also desirous of having an enlarged extradition treaty with the United States is well known. The difficulty in the way of such a treaty is the care which the United States feels compelled to exercise to avoid surrendering a class of persons whose offenses are claimed to be of a political rather than a criminal sort. It is not to be denied that some of our citizens of Irish birth or descent seek immunity for a class of offenders whom England is specially anxious to bring within her jurisdiction; such, for instance, as those who plot the destruction of property and life by dynamite explosions and other similar means. But in truth there ought to be no hesitation in surrendering criminals of this sort, for there can be neither justification nor apology for carrying on political warfare by such instrumentalities. The case is too plain for argument, and any nation that should thus deliberately and avowedly seek immunity for wholesale murder would put itself beyond the pale of civilization.

THE EVACUATION OF EGYPT.

THE Convention with Turkey, signed by Sir H. D. Wolff, the English representative, provides for the evacuation of Egypt by the British forces at the end of three years: but Egypt must not then be disturbed within, nor from without; the European Powers must approve the Convention; and, after the three years, England alone, or jointly with Turkey, may re-enter for *due cause*. These three words—one for each year—are simply delicious, like whipped syllabub, and leave just as little in the mouth. They deceive nobody, and least of all the Turks. Why make a Convention full of empty phrases? The consideration with the Turk is, undoubtedly, a financial one, first of all, and then, the recognition by England of the temporary nature of her stay in Egypt. This may be worth, in certain contingencies, the paper the treaty is written on. For England, the three years gives a breathing time: for no one can convict her of bad faith until the time is up, and much may happen before then.

It is certain, all the same, that England will not evacuate Egypt. She did not go there in order to come away again; she went there to stay. Mr. Gladstone was unquestionably honest in his declaration that England would leave Egypt with clean hands; but facts have abundantly shown that Mr. Gladstone is too conscientious to be a typical English statesman. He is rather the ideal statesman, of whom Mrs. Browning had a vision; the man who loves truth and justice, *quand même*, more than Shakespeare and Shakespeare's country. He gave up the Ionian Islands to Greece and earned, in doing so, the contempt of Prince Bismarck; he made peace with the Boers, victorious over England; and he is fighting a Homeric fight for justice to Ireland. His policy is not the policy of England. This is, to have and to hold, to take and to keep, by fair means or by foul.

England has acquired control of the Suez Canal; she holds Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, and Socotra, and she has gone into Egypt to remain there. Every power in Europe knows this, and there is no one of them that will not think several times before attempting to drive her out. Greedy and oppressive as she is, she is a Great Power, and will hold at any cost a position she believes to be of vital necessity. She is preparing for the Russian advance to Constantinople; and putting her house in order in the East, if not in Ireland.

Time, she thinks, is on her side: but time brings opportunity to all, and not even the Island Empire is safe from retribution.

HEALTH AT SUMMER RESORTS.

IT is not a cheerful thing to say that some of those now planning out their Summer will find disease instead of renewed health awaiting them, and yet New York physicians tell us that every year they have cases of malaria, typhoid fever and other disorders which can be traced directly to bad sanitary conditions in the country. When the custom of spending a considerable portion of the Summer out of the city began, there was a theory that so long as the sea or the mountains were once reached, the manner of living mattered little. "Fresh air" was held to be a panacea, and questions of drainage, ventilation, the water supply, and so on, were deemed quite unimportant. As a matter of course these matters received no attention from the rapidly increasing class of Summer purveyors for city folk. The farmer who sought to increase his income by taking a few boarders for the Summer acted on the principle that what was good enough for him was good enough for others. His own family might be unhealthy, but he never dreamed of having his well overhauled, or its relation to his old-fashioned cesspool, a mere uncemented ditch, or his barn-yard, carefully looked to. His neighbor who built an addition to his house or changed barn and house together into a small hotel, the speculator who knocked together flimsy Summer hotels in anticipation of a boom, and the companies formed to erect shingle palaces at popular resorts, were very apt at first to rate sanitary precautions as of far less consequence than paint and gingerbread work. But now and then it happened that an epidemic broke out at a resort; or that sickness at some hotel was traced to drinking water; or physicians

discovered a lack of drainage which was a constant menace; or, as at a Catskill hotel a few years since, a dozen or more cases of diphtheria sounded an ominous warning. Some wisdom has been learned by costly experience.

At present considerable attention is paid to sanitary matters at the larger resorts; physicians have grown more observing, and the visits of expert inspectors are not unknown. Many Summer hotel-keepers have learned that their profit lies in ministering to the health as well as to the appetites or whims of their patrons. The latter, on the other hand, are learning to include in their demands essentials which were formerly overlooked. Within a few weeks several New Yorkers have accompanied their inquiries regarding Summer resorts, with requests for samples of the drinking-water for analysis, which was eminently proper and sensible. Curiously enough, a few landlords have taken umbrage and refused to accede, a proceeding which justifies suspicion. It is clear that there is still need of reform, not only in farmhouses, with sink-pipes discharging beside the back door, decaying matter left on the surface of the ground, and half-open, leaky cesspools near wells, but also in large boarding-houses and hotels of some pretensions. It is also clear that it is the duty of every head of a family to acquaint himself thoroughly with the sanitary conditions of the place where he proposes to spend the Summer, and, if possible, to obtain the inspection of an expert or the opinion of a competent physician. There are Health Boards in most of the Eastern States at present, and in the Summer time they should exercise especial supervision over the crowded resorts along the Atlantic coast, and at the mountains and various Spas.

It is unfortunate that Summer landlords are slow to see the advantages of protecting their guests in every way; of furnishing them with wholesome, nourishing food peculiar to the place, if possible; and of providing them with well-ventilated rooms, beds meant to be slept on and plenty of water for bathing. But, just as there are seashore landlords who will deny their guests fresh fish and clams, and feed them on tough beef brought from a distance, and others who send their milk and tender chickens to market, and give the remnants to their boarders, so there are landlords who cannot understand the importance of drainage and pure water; and although official supervision can do something, the individual must, after all, look out for his own interests, and guard himself and his own against disease.

VACILLATIONS OF THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION.

THE contradictory utterances and the very wavering course thus far pursued by the Interstate Commerce Commission seem to indicate that it is in doubt both as to the meaning of the law and as to the safest line of policy for it to pursue. The consideration of Section 4, which relates to the long and short haul provision, has up to the present time absorbed almost the entire attention of the Commission. From the 5th of April to about the 15th of May the power of suspending the law relative to the lower rate for the longer haul, granted in the proviso to that section, was exercised in a somewhat lavish way. Although the power of suspension was confined by the terms of the law to "special cases after investigation by the Commission," it was granted temporarily within the space of six weeks to forty-three important railroad lines, covering the transportation interests of more than half the area of the United States. In reply to an earnest appeal for the allowance of rebates on export grain at Boston, Judge Cooley wrote an opinion saying that, "if important, and only for the purpose of protecting the export trade of Boston, such rebates were perfectly legal." This opinion, based upon considerations of commercial expediency and in utter disregard of the law, evidently involved the lower rate for the longer haul.

On the 7th of April, nine days after the law went into effect, the Commission suspended the fourth section of the law in favor of the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee Railroad, for the period of ninety days, "the said company" said the ruling, "having shown that between certain points it has been customary to make rates which are greater for the shorter than for the longer haul, which greater rates are reasonable," etc., etc. Here a custom was assumed to be of greater weight than the law enacted with the clearly asserted object in view of abolishing such custom. On the 18th of April, Judge Cooley wrote an official letter in which he characterized the conduct of certain railroads in raising their through rates in order to avoid the penalties of the fourth section as "sticking to the bark of the law." He also declared it to be "unjustifiable for railroad companies to make use of the general clauses of the law, ignoring its modifying words and formulas." Thus for about six weeks the Commission appeared to be succumbing before the wind of an apparent popular demand for the suspension of the long and short haul provision, when all at once it met the contrary current of popular indignation at what appeared to be the nullification of a law of the United States. The threatening danger led Mr. Morrison, about the 1st of May, to write a letter to Senator Reagan, asking his interpretation of the proviso to the fourth section of this law. His reply, although couched in exceedingly courteous terms, was ominous of peril to the Commission, which then at once hauled its sails and shaped its course to this new current.

This change of view regarding the intent of the law, and the duty of being guided thereby, is expressed in a letter dated May 18th to the General Traffic Manager of the Minnesota and Northwestern Railroad Company. In this letter, the powers of the Commission are declared to be very limited. In denying the petition for a suspension of the long and short haul clause, the Commission declares that they "cannot consent deliberately to enter upon a highway where to all appearances there will be no halting-place within the limits of its lawful jurisdiction." They also declare that, whatever they do, they "must keep in view the preservation of the general rule." This sudden and complete change in the line of policy pursued by the Commission in the administration of the law has begotten the opinion that it has become alarmed, and is aiming to keep on the safe side of public sentiment. This has unhappily begotten a feeling that the Commission lacks the moral stamina necessary to the proper discharge of its important duties.

The most remarkable thing about the conduct of the Commission

thus far is the fact that it has remained absolutely non-committal in regard to the meaning or application of both the general and modifying clauses of the law. The long and short haul clause is subject to two important modifications. First, it is applicable only "under substantially similar circumstances and conditions," and, second, there is the power of suspension granted to the Commission "in special cases, after investigation." It is gravely held that the first of these modifications utterly defeats the long and short haul provision in the case of the competition of water lines and of rival railroads, and this opinion is growing. It is high time for the Commission to pronounce in regard to these questions of vital importance to the whole country in order that its opinions relative thereto may as soon as possible be judicially affirmed or denied.

THE POPE AND DR. MCGLYNN.

THE letter of the Pope to Archbishop Corrigan relating to Dr. McGlynn is what has been expected, and the position taken is impregnable. The letter is written temperately, more in sorrow than in anger, but it is dignified, and firmly maintains the attitude of the Apostolic See towards the "contumacious disobedience of a priest, one of your subjects," and "the false doctrines concerning the right of property disseminated by him." The letter praises the Archbishop in dealing with the rebellion against his authority, and notes his patience in "calming proud and restless spirits, although they have not refrained from slanders and reproaches against you and the Apostolic See." It is promised that others who have been rebellious will be appropriately corrected. The issue is therefore sharply drawn, and the Vatican is clearly in the right. Any one who enlists in an army must obey its discipline. The Roman Catholic Church is a vast, organized body, and Dr. McGlynn has solemnly pledged himself to obey its laws, and to yield ready allegiance to his superior officers. This is the case in a nutshell. Dr. McGlynn must choose between his socialism and his priesthood. The indications are that he will give up his religion and his Church. He has a perfect right to follow a movement away from the Church, led by a Protestant, but he will be a much less important figure as a private individual than as an agitator defying the Church, yet still claiming to be a priest in that most conservative and carefully regulated organization. The Roman Catholic Church, itself a great property-holder, has plainly declared itself as not opposing the legitimate organization of workmen, but as firmly arrayed against socialism, anarchism, land-confiscation, and the doctrine that property is theft. Priests who wish to teach these doctrines must go outside the Church; and we do not apprehend that the Church which has endured for so many centuries will receive any serious injury from the fulminations of Henry George, or the loss of Dr. McGlynn and his immediate followers, in this uncalled for, foolish rebellion.

CERTAIN GERMAN POSSIBILITIES.

A VISTA of interesting possibilities is opened by the recent serious illness of the Crown Prince of Germany. An inflamed growth in his throat has caused much alarm, and it is said that it was only by Bismarck's intervention that tracheotomy was prevented. A delicate operation by an English specialist removed the growth, and enabled Virchow to decide that it was not malignant, and it is now reported that the Prince is improving, although haunted by a fear of death. If he lives to succeed the Emperor William, who has passed his ninety-fifth birthday, there is a prospect of a change towards greater liberality in the German Government, although Bismarck, whom the Crown Prince has never liked, has done his best to surround him with restrictions and influences which would continue the present policy. The Crown Prince is regarded as weak in character, but his English marriage and earlier intercourse with German liberal leaders have given him a desire for a less arbitrary government which even Bismarck might be unable to counteract. If he dies, the succession passes to his son, Prince William, now in his twenty-ninth year, who is described as a great deal of a libertine, impulsive, and hot-blooded, but enterprising, ambitious, much interested in the Army, and likely, if his weakness for women is outgrown, to continue the old imperial policy. It has been said that he was an imbecile, but this is not the case. It would, however, seem a dangerous experiment to try the crown of Germany upon the head of a young man chiefly distinguished as a sower of wild oats, although the responsibility might bring a sudden change and development of latent powers. But his health is reported to be poor. The next in succession after Prince William is his son, now five years old, and if he alone should be left, there must follow a long and perilous regency. Meantime Bismarck and Von Moltke are old men, and the question of war with France remains unsettled. There are chances for important changes in Germany, which are perhaps close at hand.

DE LESSEPS will not hasten to inform the Paris *bourgeoisie* who have sunk their francs in the Panama Canal that water has flooded one of the deepest and longest cuts, although high above the prospective canal work. The earth and rocks taken out represent a cost of millions of dollars, but the water has washed back more than enough to fill all the cuts, and the work is valueless and the millions are wasted. It seems as if the Panama tragedy, which has cost so many lives and engulfed so many fortunes, might at last be ended. The most trustworthy accounts tell of men dying like sheep, money squandered upon utterly unprofitable work, very little advance, and the prospect hopeless. De Lesseps's abundant faith in himself may float the project a little longer, but it will be at a cruel cost.

THE New South is progressive, as every intelligent person knows, and in a good many ways is now setting the pace for the North and West. For example, the extremely wide-awake and prosperous town of Anniston, Ala., proposes to advertise itself by a special train of cars, traveling about from place to place, after the manner of the big circuses. The cars are made in Anniston, run by men wearing clothes made by Anniston tailors, from cloth woven in Anniston mills, from wool grown in the county. The cargo of the train will be made up of articles illustrating the various industries of the town, and the horticultural and agricultural products of the country contiguous to it. The idea is a novel one. If successful—and there is no reason why it should not be—this method of working a boom will develop into something akin to a new industry, and will have plenty of imitators.

WORKINGMEN have a special interest in the preservation of the civil Sabbath and the prohibition on that day of every occupation which is not absolutely necessary for the public convenience and comfort. It is somewhat surprising, therefore, to find the Central Labor Union of New York demanding the modification of existing laws so as to permit the saloons to keep open on Sunday, and denouncing the enforcement of these laws as an infringement of

the "poor man's rights." Now, in the first place, the saloon is the deadliest of all the foes of the workingman; the source of unnumbered woes to himself and all dependent upon him. In the next place, the keeping open of the saloons of New York on Sunday deprives thousands of persons of the weekly rest-day to which they are just as much entitled as any other workingmen. What right has the Central Labor Union to demand of these thousands that they shall give up their Sunday rest any more than other employees? The occupation of these men is in no sense necessary to the public convenience, it does not contribute to the public comfort, and it would be a positive advantage if it was not pursued on any day of the week. In every aspect of the case, it is a piece of presumption for any organization to ask that those engaged in this business should be deprived on Sunday of the leisure and rest which members of that organization demand for themselves.

THE British House of Commons last week entered upon the Whitsuntide recess after having passed the second clause of the Crimes Bill under the operation of the cloture. So far, sixty lines of the Bill have been disposed of, leaving eighteen clauses yet to be considered. It is intimated that the Government now proposes to force the passage of the Bill within a specified period, whether or not all the amendments to it shall be acted upon, and in the present temper of the majority, it will not be at all surprising if debate shall be absolutely stifled, and the minority subjected to every conceivable indignity. Meanwhile, the Gladstonians are everywhere organizing, in anticipation of the next general election, and there is good reason to believe that the present success of the Tories in carrying out their coercion policy will be turned to disaster when the people come to vote upon the question of fair play for Ireland.

It is well to look before leaping in the matter of celebrating historical events, and the Massachusetts Legislature, which was not well up in its history, has just received a lesson. A Bill was passed for a ten-thousand-dollar monument to Crispus Attucks and the three others killed on March 5th, 1770, in what is known as "the Boston massacre." The Massachusetts Historical Society has courteously called the attention of the Legislature to the truth of history, which is, that these men were rioters, who got into a squabble with the soldiers, without any patriotic purpose, and their disorderly conduct has really no historical significance. The sentimental view is easily taken, but these are the facts. Those who assert that the "cold historical view" is not the proper one will make "memorials" utterly worthless by their lack of discrimination. There is always danger of magnifying the consequence of persons in the remotest way connected with significant historical events, but this is certain to destroy perspective, and make street brawlers and nobodies apparently as important figures as leaders of thought or action.

It often happens that those men from whom we expect the most charity and the broadest patriotism turn out to be really the most narrow and bigoted. The Rev. Dr. P. K. Smoot, of Texas, who as Chairman of the Special Committee of the Presbyterian Church, South, appointed to consider a union with the Northern Church, took occasion last week to attack the latter with all the bitterness of war times, and on the same grounds, would probably have learned some important lessons in Christian liberality if he had mingled more with men from all parts of the country and brooded less in his private study. In striking contrast with Dr. Smoot's glorification of the "dear dead cause that went down in the dust," taking with it "all that he had of ambition and glory," are the words of ex-Governor Brown, of his State, recognizing the breaking down of the barriers between the North and the South. If Dr. Smoot had studied men and things more, as well as books, he would have been ashamed to have made such a speech. The violence which he and some others have displayed in the debate on the question of reunion is the more to be regretted because it seems likely to lead to a disruption of the Southern Presbyterian Church, two-thirds of that body being said to be favorable to organic unity. In the Northern Assembly the sentiment appears to run strongly in the same direction.

BAR HARBOR has developed a real estate and building boom, the contemporary facts of which read more like the history of some rise-by-night Western or mining town than a tidal wave of legitimate speculation on the stern and rock-bound coast of staid, conservative, slow-going Maine. Speculation at Newport's latest and most successful rival is seemingly at high-water mark—but it keeps on rising. A good-sized building lot now represents a comfortable fortune. In a single year, in some instances, prices have appreciated from 200 to 500 per cent. Forty acres of land bought seven years ago for \$6,000 have been purchased by Senator Yulee, of Florida, and other gentlemen, for \$100,000. A Boston man last September bought six acres for \$50,000; he has this Spring sold two-fifths of it for \$61,000, retaining the other three-fifths, which he could now dispose of for \$100,000. A part of a piece of land bought last Fall for \$8,000 has been sold for \$28,000. A man paid \$5,000 for a lot last Spring, for which this Spring he has been offered \$30,000. While a majority of dealers and investors are from outside the State, Maine is not unrepresented, several of her leading citizens being largely interested. For example, Mr. James G. Blaine paid \$100 an acre for thirty acres last season, for which he has this year refused \$500 an acre. There is no need to multiply instances. The boom is a big one, and it has evidently come to stay, being in the hands of solid millionaires who make their Summer homes at this delightful resort.

THE White Star steamer *Britannic* left New York for Queens-town on Wednesday, May 18th, at about 1 o'clock p. m. The next day at about 5 p. m., a thick fog prevailing, she ran into the *Celtic*, bound for New York. The fog was so thick, that, although the whistles were sounded from both ships, neither was seen from the other until they were but four boat-lengths asunder. The officers were cool and prompt, but the crash came. The bows of the *Celtic* were stove in, and the *Britannic* had a hole knocked in her side abaft the engine-room and about seventy-five feet of her iron plating ripped off. There were more than 1,000 persons on the *Celtic*, and 400 on the *Britannic*, and for a time there was great terror among them; but the discipline on both vessels was thorough, and it was soon found that there was no immediate danger. The ships lay near each other, and the next morning they were joined by two passing steamers, and all four headed for New York, where they arrived safely on Sunday. Some of the steerage passengers of the *Celtic* were killed and others injured in the collision. Whose fault was it? The *Celtic's* log, as published, shows that she made on Thursday 348 miles, or fourteen and a half an hour, in a fog. From the scene of the collision to Sandy Hook the *Britannic* reports having made in one day 145 miles; on the next, 185 miles; and on the third 100 miles—making altogether 440 miles. The *Britannic* made these 440 miles in twenty-eight hours, in order to meet the *Celtic* where

she did. She ran, therefore, fifteen and five-seventh miles an hour in a fog. These are damning facts. The fault lies, first of all, with the reckless public; next, with the greedy shipowners; and then with the commanders, whose vanity is stimulated, and their sense of duty blunted, by the notoriety achieved for a day or two by the last "shortest time on record."

QUEEN VICTORIA's sixty-ninth birthday was observed in New York and vicinity with marks of respect, testifying at least to admiration of the Queen's personal character, and appreciation of a generally wise and liberal reign. There was little in the way of special celebration, for the occasion was naturally overshadowed by preparations for the celebration of June 19th, which will be the fiftieth anniversary of her accession to the throne. Her birthday, however, was observed by a special service in St. Mary's Church, in Brooklyn; the English ships and many others were decked with bunting, the English flag floated from many hotels and other buildings, and there was a special meeting at the Canadian Club. Englishmen generally manifested their loyalty by making the day a holiday. On the other hand, some Irish societies in Marlboro, Mass., saw fit to make the day the occasion of a hostile demonstration with black flags, and inflammatory speeches, and in Hartford, Conn., an old Irishwoman gained a temporary notoriety by draping her house in black and burning the Queen in effigy. As under the English system the Queen does not appear to be a powerful factor in shaping legislation, the aptness of these demonstrations is no more evident than their good taste. Only three of her predecessors have reigned longer than Victoria, and in all the long half-century since her accession she has proved herself a womanly Queen, whose influence has always been exerted in behalf of peace, morality and the domestic virtues.

THE Canadian Fisheries dispute remains in an unsettled state, and no one can safely predict what is about to happen. It seems clear, however, that Lord Salisbury's dispatch of March last has not been answered. As that dispatch proposed what the fishermen on our side of the line do not want, they may be congratulated upon the fact that the proposition has not been assented to by the United States Government. At least the American cause has not yet been given away, and we are encouraged to hope it will not be in the future. Meanwhile the visit to Washington of Sir Charles Tupper, the Dominion Minister of Finance, leads to the belief that he went there for the purpose of consulting with the British Minister, Sir Lionel Sackville West, but as yet there is no evidence that this is the fact. The Marquis of Lansdowne, in a recent speech at Toronto, expressed his confidence in a friendly settlement of the question. It was, he admitted, a source of pain and humiliation that such a settlement had not been sooner reached; and yet he thought it satisfactory to know that throughout these intricate transactions the Dominion had been kept in line with and been sustained by the Imperial Government. "I may say," he adds, "in spite of all that has happened—and I speak with some knowledge of the facts—that both Governments have shown the greatest anxiety to avoid any local action likely to increase the tension of feeling existing upon the spot;" and he adds, "I am surprised, not that there should have been so much friction, but that there should have been so little." The temper of this speech is certainly fitted to strengthen the hope that a peaceful settlement of the dispute may be reached.

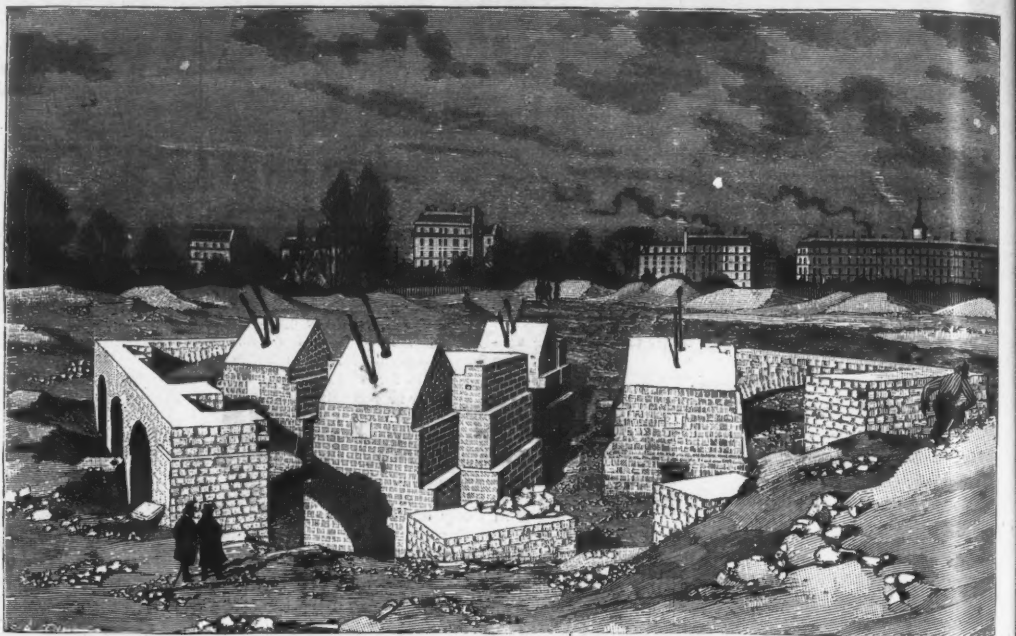
We are glad that they appreciate the Hon. William F. Cody, our "Buffalo Bill," in England. He is a genuine specimen of Western manhood, a brave scout and fighter, a shot and rider second to none, and has an unapproachable record at bison-killing. His long professional and social intercourse with the polite world, and his experience as an actor upon the theatrical stage, have enhanced his natural picturesqueness of person and bearing, without making him in any unpleasant degree a *poseur*. Moreover, he takes with him a good bit of the real life of the Plains and the Rocky Mountains, personified in his troupe of Indians and cowboys, and supplemented by his menagerie of wild animals. This semi-savage American encampment in the heart of London could not fail to produce a sensational effect. It realizes a cherished ideal. It has, in fact, taken the town by storm; and the general impression seems to be abroad that the "American Exhibition" is merely a kind of annex or side show to the "Wild West." The latter is accepted, no doubt, as a true picture of life in the environs of New York and Boston, instead of the prairies; but that little mistake is inborn with the average Britisher, and we have long ceased to resent it. The Queen commands a special performance for her private pleasure. Mr. Gladstone interviews Red Shirt, the big Indian. The nobility ride in the Deadwood coach. 'Cross-country squires try the bucking broncos, and are instantly convinced that the difficulties of sitting on the backs of those amiable steeds are by no means imaginary. Mr. Cody's diary contains a list of invitations which would make the most successful tuft-hunter turn pale with envy. All we hope is, that Buffalo Bill and the Indians will not come back wearing English clothes, monocles, and a cockney accent. Things frankly and honestly American are becoming scarce even here at home.

TENS of thousands of farmers in the West and thousands elsewhere are deeply interested in the recent decision of the Supreme Court upon the driven-well patent case, which sustains the patentees. The first of these wells—which consist of nothing but a pointed tube driven into the ground and worked by an ordinary pump—was driven in the camp of a New York regiment in 1861, and other like wells were used afterwards. A patent was issued to Colonel Green in 1868 and 1871, and in the prolonged litigation, which has lasted for fifteen years, it has been held by the Circuit Courts in Iowa and Indiana that the public use of the wells previous to 1868 rendered the patent void. The Supreme Court now holds that the invention had not been anticipated in a way to invalidate the patent, and the point raised that the method of working has been changed is also decided in favor of the patent. The interests involved, while small in each case, are enormous in the aggregate. The Indiana suit showed that 50,000 of these wells, on each of which \$10 royalty was demanded, were in use in that State alone. As many more are in use in Iowa, and the number in the United States has been placed at between 500,000 and 1,000,000, and royalties will now be collected. The farming interests of the country have lost in this case as in the barbed-wire-fence case, but it is foolish to complain that Colonel Green's invention was "simply an attempt to patent a hole in the ground." Patents may prove irksome burdens, as in this case, but this was evidently a new and useful method. Our patent laws have to be observed, and the Supreme Court is not to be charged with their unjust interpretation. As is not unusual in these cases, the original patentee is still a poor man, having been forced to assign most of his rights to his creditors, but it is said that he retains the New England rights, and will gain something by this decision. About 4,000 of these wells are in use in and around New York and Brooklyn.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 255.



FRANCE.—M. DELAUNAY, OF THE COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE.



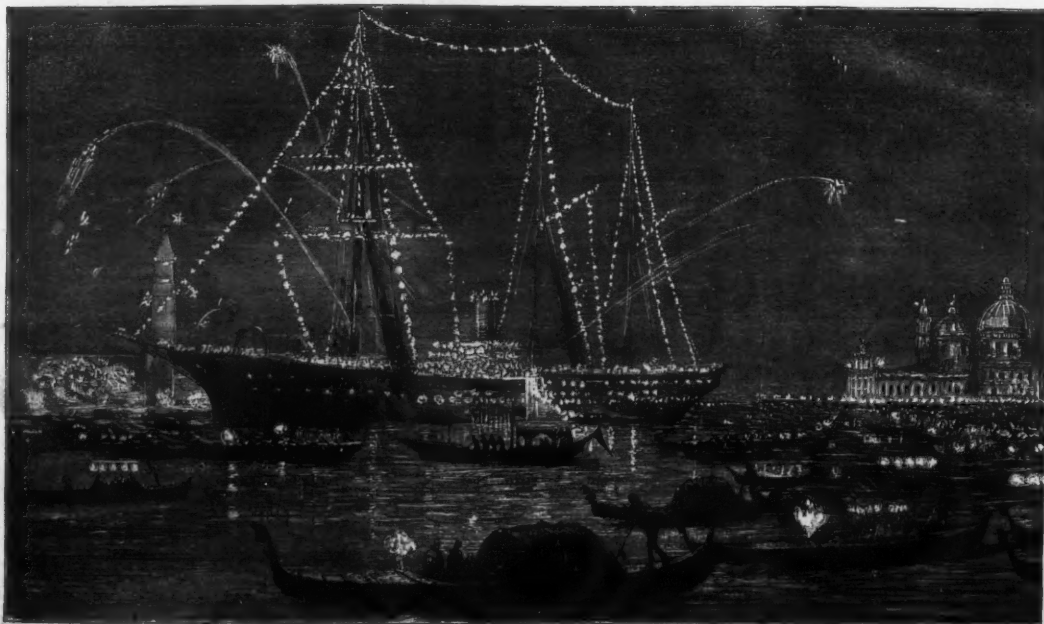
FRANCE.—FOUNDATIONS OF THE EIFFEL TOWER, ON THE CHAMP DE MARS, PARIS.



FRANCE.—EXHUMATION OF THE REMAINS OF ROSSINI, AT THE PÈRE-LACHAISE CEMETERY, PARIS.



ENGLAND.—QUEEN VICTORIA REPLYING TO THE ADDRESS OF MEMBERS OF THE COLONIAL CONFERENCE, AT WINDSOR.



ITALY.—THE PÊTES AT VENICE—THE ROYAL BARGE PASSING THE P. & O. STEAMSHIP "MONGOLIA."



SOUTH AMERICA.—SEÑOR MIGUEL JUÁREZ CELMAN, PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.



THE GLADSTONE TESTIMONIAL.—POPULAR TRIBUTE TO THE "GRAND OLD MAN" FROM AMERICAN ADMIRERS.
SEE PAGE 254.

HON. EUGENE SEMPLE,
THE NEW GOVERNOR OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

IN the appointment of Mr. Semple to be Governor of Washington Territory, the President has avoided the mistake, made in some other cases, of selecting Territorial officers from the older States, and has named one who has a positive identity with the people over whom he is to preside.

Eugene Semple was born, June 12th, 1840, in Bogota, New Granada (now the United States of Colombia), where his father was the United States Minister. Returning with his parents to their home in Illinois, young Semple spent his youth in Madison and Jersey Counties of that State. He attended the public schools of the last-named county, and finished his collegiate education at the University of St. Louis, in 1858. Immediately thereafter he commenced the study of law in the office of Krum & Harding, of St. Louis. Afterwards he entered the Law School of Cincinnati, and graduated therefrom in 1863, taking the degree of LL.D.

General James Semple, the father of Eugene Semple, took a prominent part in the movement that caused Oregon to be settled

by citizens of the United States, and thus saved it to the Union. In the public meetings at Alton and Springfield, Ill., in 1842, and in Cincinnati, O., in 1843, he was a strong advocate of the Line of "Fifty-four Forty, or Fight!" and afterwards, while a United States Senator from Illinois, was a prominent supporter of the same policy. General Semple's speeches concerning the Northwest awakened in his son a strong desire to go there and settle; and it was with the greatest difficulty that his friends persuaded him to finish his education before setting his face towards the setting sun. Immediately after graduating in law (1863), he set out for Oregon, and on arriving there commenced the practice of his profession at Portland and Vancouver. In 1870 he quit the law, and became editor-in-chief of the *Oregon Herald*, with Sylvester Pennoyer (now Governor of Oregon) and Dr. A. A. Ames (who has been several times Mayor of Minneapolis, and who came within a few votes of being elected Governor of Minnesota last year on the Democratic ticket,) as editorial assistants. The motto of the *Herald*, formulated by Mr. Semple, was, "In all discussion of American policy, with us liberty goes first."

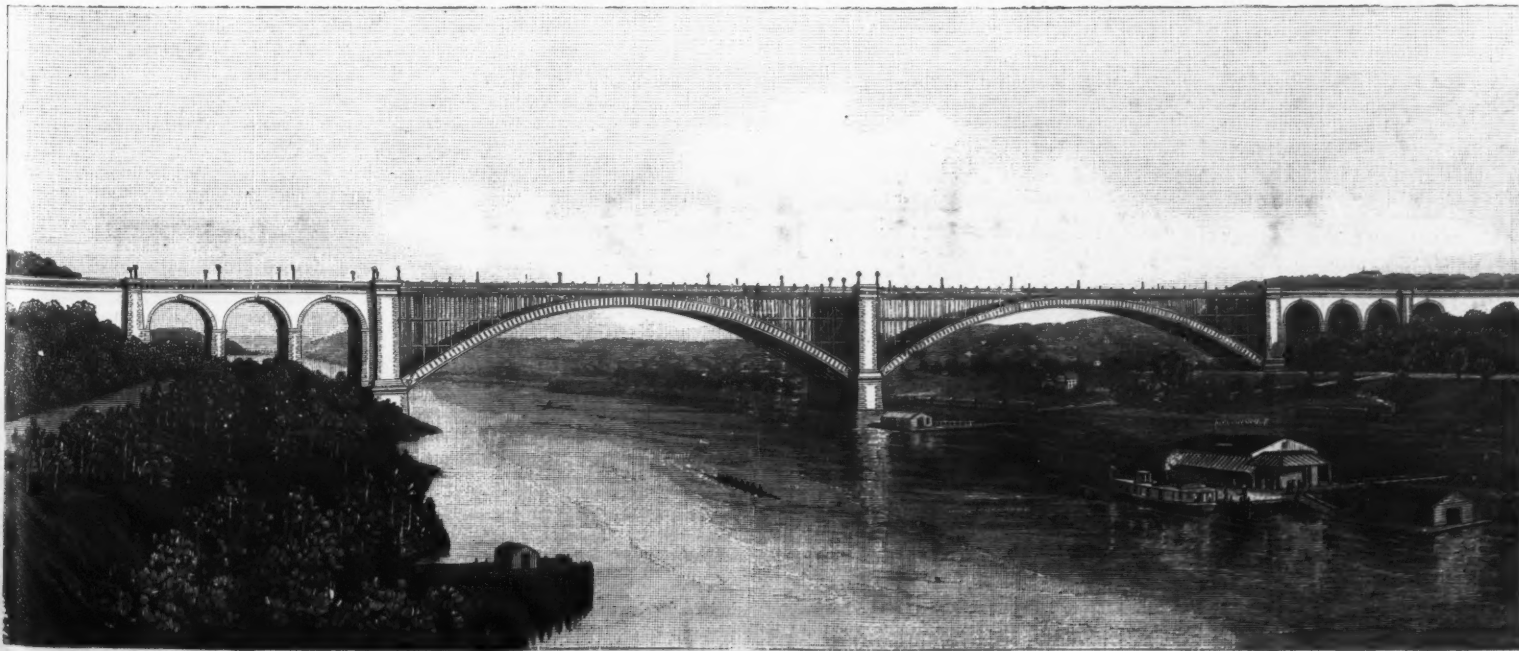
The appointment of Mr. Semple as Governor appears to give



WASHINGTON.—HON. EUGENE SEMPLE, THE NEW GOVERNOR OF THE TERRITORY.
PHOTO. BY HOFSTEATER & CO.



MASSACHUSETTS.—MAJOR BEN. PERLEY POORE, VETERAN JOURNALIST.
PHOTO. BY BELL.—SEE PAGE 255.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE MANHATTAN BRIDGE, NOW IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION OVER THE HARLEM RIVER, FROM TENTH AVENUE TO AQUEDUCT AVENUE.
FROM A PHOTO. BY J. REID.—SEE PAGE 254.

general satisfaction to both political parties in the Territory, not only on his personal account, but as a recognition of the principles of home rule.

THE UNFORGOTTEN DEAD.

FAR southward, where the pines were sweet,
Along a narrow river's shore,
There rose the sound of tramping feet,
The year was sixty-four:
And where the glinting sunlight came
In shafts of light down through the green,
The bayonets made a twinkling flame
The rugged clefts between.

Then fierce red light broke from the gloom
Where thicker grew the forest trees,
And swift and loud a sudden boom
Went echoing down the breeze:
Another and another flash,
And quick the charging lines expand,
While shells amid them shriek and crash,
And dead men strew the land.

Loud cries and moans of bitter pain,
And hot blows falling fast and strong,
Where the cool breeze, with low refrain,
Had sung its morning song:
A rush of men, a stubborn fight,
A quick retreat, pursuit as fast,
Till slowly fades the golden light,
And lo, the fray has past.

Yet of the strife no records tell,
The narrow river has no name,
There are no mounds whose grassy swell
Recall the dead to fame:
But silent sleeping side by side,
Victor and vanquished wait the call,
And they who in the battle died
Were heroes, one and all.

Yet not forgotten are the dead
Who fell among the singing pines;
Still are God's dews above them shed,
God's sunlight on them shines:
The violets above them toss,
And near their graves the passer sees
Morn's golden glory drift across
The starred anemones.

And fronting all the crouching lands,
Whose peoples own the sway of kings,
One nation still for Freedom stands,
And far her blessing flings:
And that so far, from sea to sea,
Unbroken sweeps her wide domain;
God will that unknown graves should be—
That heroes should be slain!

THOS. S. COLLIER.

A SUCCESSFUL SÉANCE.

By GARTAN ROSE.

MR. CLITHERS sat in his private office (just a corner partitioned off the great grain and meal store), in the thriving town of Bellevue, Ill. As he sat at ease in the armchair, scanning with his keen blue eyes the choice items of news in his morning paper, he looked every inch the shrewd business man he was. Socially he and his wife stood in the front rank.

One half-column article in the paper seemed to interest him beyond all. It was a brief account of a mind-reading exhibition given in an Eastern city.

"Now, that is very remarkable," commented Mr. Clithers, mentally. "There is no trick about it, either. I think the exhibition proved it can be done. Graciously! what a revolution if every one could become a mind-reader! But I suppose he must have a gift."

Just then some painful thought seemed to intrude upon his mind, for he frowned, and then, throwing the newspaper aside, he rose and stepped to his desk. After a hasty glance about him, he slipped a key into a drawer and pulled it out. A pile of bills lay in the inside. He shut it again quickly, and locked it.

"So it is still there," he muttered. "By Jove! I'd give anything to find out who's been robbing me lately. I wonder if that mind-reader could tell me, or is it only a guy or trick? I wish I could get a mind-reader to try his skill on this racket; I know it has baffled me."

Now it is always well to consider whether we really want a thing before we express a haphazard desire for it, because sometimes that eternal schoolteacher, Fate, takes it into her head to accede to once. At least she apparently did in this case, for, as Mr. Clithers turned aside from his desk, the door opened, and a tall individual, arrayed in close-buttoned frock-coat and soft felt hat, advanced with a light step, and presented his card.

Mr. Clithers read with a perceptible start the words:

"WILLIAM WILLIS CARDINAL, MIND-READER."

This latter, with one comprehensive glance around the office, removed his hat, and calmly seated himself, not failing to note, indeed, the effect his card had upon Mr. Clithers. That gentleman, after staring at the card some time, at length looked his visitor over, but got little gratification from his inspection.

A full beard covered the lower part of Mr. Cardinal's face, and the upper part, showing two high cheek-bones, and a peculiar hooked nose, pinched at the point, with a pair of very brilliant eyes, gave him a hungry look not at all prepossessing. He smiled in a superior way at Mr. Clithers's scrutiny.

"Perhaps you wonder why I have called," he remarked, in a full but low tone. "I will tell you. I propose to give a *séance* in this town, and I wish to enlist the aid of the very best people, in order that it may be a success. Do not mistake me: I am not working for money, I merely wish to test my wonderful power before an audience composed only of the most intelligent and cultured people of Bellevue."

"And you really are a mind-reader?"

"I am only an amateur as yet, sir, but I feel the

power is in me. I have given exhibitions before physicians, men of science and others. I have letters from presidents of colleges and many literary men. Are you acquainted with the President of Weehawken State University?"

Mr. Clithers confessed that he was not.

"There is a letter from him," continued the mind-reader, picking it out from a package drawn from his pocket.

Mr. Clithers read it. It seemed satisfactory, and he did not doubt the man at all. He was thinking deeply, though.

"Now, my dear sir," went on Cardinal, "I shall have to throw myself on your good-nature. I desire to invite to the *séance* only the cultured and wealthy people of this town—all those who move in good society, in fact—and I must have their names and addresses."

"I have a list of those I invited to a ball recently, if that will do," said Mr. Clithers, who could see no good reason for refusing, and who was perfectly alive to the social *écot* of introducing this lion to his friends.

"The very thing. I will fix the date for the evening of the day after to-morrow. I am extremely obliged to you for your great kindness to a perfect stranger, and if I could do anything to show—"

"You can," said Clithers; "by your mind-reading."

"Ah! and how can that be?"

Clithers drew his chair close to his visitor and spoke almost in a whisper.

"For the past month I have been missing money from that drawer in the desk there. It is evidently taken whenever I leave the office. I have always to keep a certain amount of money on hand to make change, and I lock it up when I go out. Yet I find that somehow it is opened in my absence and five or ten dollars taken. I have watched and said nothing about it, but have failed even to suspect any one. Now, can you tell me who stole that money?"

Mr. Cardinal seemed uneasy. He hitched his chair back, and hemmed and hawed.

"Why, you see," he finally said, "that is rather an awkward test. I should have to read the mind of every employé and friend you have. Then, again, I should have to become acquainted thoroughly with this office, so that I could see it plainly in connection with any one else's mind. I am willing to try."

"If you succeed, I will pay you one hundred dollars."

"I want no reward, sir; I shall be only too happy to try. And supposing that I begin at once to convey the impression of this office to my mind, it will be necessary that you go out, sir—even out of the building—and I will, as it were, take possession of the office. Then it will become fixed on my mind."

Just for one moment Mr. Clithers hesitated, but the man's brilliant eyes were upon him, and he acquiesced.

"You need be gone only ten minutes," was the gracious remark of Mr. Cardinal as Clithers went out.

In thirty seconds his retiring footsteps had died away, and quick as a flash the mind-reader stepped across to an old-fashioned safe that stood in the corner, and bent over it. A grim smile played over his face. Then noiselessly he turned to the desk, and was just putting his hand to the money-drawer, when a slight rustle came to his ear. With the light tread of a panther he crossed the room and dropped silently into a chair that was behind the door. It opened inward, and the next instant there was a louder rustle, and the door was pushed open an inch or so. Mr. Cardinal's mind was busy.

"This is the thief," he said to himself. "Now to try the trick that has never failed."

The door swung open, and Mrs. Clithers, a handsome woman of some forty summers, glided into the room and turned to close the door. At that moment a hand was placed on her shoulder, and a harsh voice cried:

"Where is all the money you have stolen?"

With distended eyes she turned to look at her accuser. "Oh, my God!" she cried, "I am lost! Oh, have mercy, sir—I will never steal another cent. Oh, I shall die—oh—oh!" and then broke into the most agonizing sobs.

"Stop that," snapped the polite mind-reader, "and explain yourself. Who are you?"

"Sir, I am Mrs. Clithers, and I have as much right in this office as my husband. I am not afraid that he will arrest me; my fear is of his knowing it. Oh, sir, is there not some way of hiding this from him? I promise solemnly never to take any more money in this way."

"Humph!" remarked Cardinal, looking at her composedly; "so you are his wife. So you don't want him to know. Very natural, of course; but hard to do. No, I don't want money. Who do you think I am?"

"A detective, I suppose."

"No, a mind-reader. Don't be afraid," with an amused smile; "your secrets are safe from me. If you give me a little assistance, I shall be mum about this affair. In the first place, I want you to do all in your power to induce your society friends to attend a mind-reading *séance* your husband will tell you of. In the second place, I want you to send by mail to this address, to-night, if possible, a rough plan, drawn on paper, of your house, and also indicate the receptacles that hold, say, a dozen valuable articles, and their location—such as jewelry or silverware, etc. You wonder at such a request? It is in order that I may appear familiar with the inside of your house at the *séance*, and thus insure its success. Do this and keep a close tongue, and I am dumb. Of course you will be sure to be present at my exhibition to endorse the accuracy of my mind-reading. Is it agreed?"

It was evident that she doubted him. Such an extraordinary request. But, then, the shame—the bitter shame.

"I will do it; only don't play me false."

And as he smiled in satisfaction she slipped from the room. He looked at his watch; the ten minutes were nearly up. So he settled himself in the chair, and with a dreamy look in his eyes and a mysterious smile, Mr. Clithers found him on his return.

"I thank you for your courtesy," he said, on taking his leave. "I have forged the first link of the mental chain that will bind your thief. Send that list you spoke of to my hotel—the Palace—and don't fail to turn up at my *séance*."

And so it happened that evening that two letters addressed to Mr. Cardinal were sent from Mr. Clithers's house.

There was quite a crush on the eventful evening at the Bijou Hall, which the mind-reader had secured for his *séance*. Mrs. Clithers evidently had not failed to keep her promise. Her husband, too, had exerted himself to secure a large attendance of the *élite* of society. The ladies' tongues were busy discussing from every conceivable point of view the new creed of reading the mind of man.

At eight o'clock precisely, Mr. Cardinal stepped on the platform. He had made himself conspicuous around the town since his arrival, so he was pretty well known. After a few words of introduction, in which he humbly stated that he was as yet but an amateur, he begged the audience to choose a committee of two to assist him in his demonstrations. A dozen offered themselves, but finally, after much discussion, a society youth, fearfully and wonderfully vain and pompous, and Mr. Clithers, were chosen to represent the audience.

When the latter was chosen, a gratified smile wreathed Mr. Cardinal's face, but at the sight of the dour youth he appeared almost disgusted.

"This is really too bad," whispered he to Mr. Clithers, when the committee were on the platform; "he has no mind; I cannot read a vacuum; do—do let me use you as a medium. Just make that youth fetch and carry." And he winked solemnly at Mr. Clithers, who was evidently flattered at this evidence that he had a mind at all. The first test was the hiding of a gold watch by Mr. Clithers—the mind-reader and youth retiring. Now, when they both emerged, Mr. Cardinal seemed to change his mind about the brains of the youth, for he asked him if he knew where the watch was hid. The youth answered Yes, having watched through a small crack in the door. Then the mind-reader said, "I will find it through you." Immediately both turned their footsteps towards one of the window-sills, and stopped at it. There was the watch. But whether the mind-reader led the youth, or the youth the reader, was more than the audience could determine. However, this success elicited great applause.

Cardinal then requested some one in the audience to hide an article, and he would find it. As he spoke he fixed his eyes on Mrs. Clithers. She read that look at once, and conquering her dislike, stood up and said she would hide something. He bowed and apologized, and retired. She went to the stage and laid the article at the right-hand corner on the floor. It was a common pin. The mind-reader appeared, blindfolded as usual, and stepping down from the stage, took her hand in his. "Where is it?" he whispered, as he bowed. She told him. After a few manoeuvres, indicating uncertainty, he rushed to the spot, and picked up the article triumphantly.

The rest of the exhibition consisted entirely of a description of the inside of Mr. Clithers's house. Having asked that gentleman to say to the audience that the mind-reader had never been inside the house, he proceeded to make a minute statement of the location of nearly every article of value Mr. Clithers possessed. The latter was perfectly astounded. There could be no denying the gift of this man. He declared that Mr. Clithers was the best subject he had ever operated on, adding that he had a remarkable brain-cell organism. In fact, he had Mr. Clithers blushing with pleasure and the audience in high good humor, when the town-clock struck eleven. He was apologizing for the lateness of the hour, when a sudden bustle became manifest at the door of the hall. Some one was trying to force an entrance, the ushers interposing to prevent. A harsh, gruff voice said something in a low tone, and then a passage was made. The audience turning round to ascertain the cause, heard a murmur of "law" and "officers," as two burly men advanced towards the platform. A couple of silly women shrieked. All eyes instinctively turned to the platform. Mr. Cardinal had retreated to the rear. A fearful frown was on his brow, and he was biting his nails convulsively.

"Don't be alarmed," said one of the intruders. "I make no doubt you've had a nice evening of it, he's so very funny"—pointing his finger at the mind-reader—"when he gets started. But he's a lunatic, just the same."

"A lunatic! crazy!" came in a chorus. Some of the women rose hastily, and attempted to go out.

"You'd better all keep still," continued the man. "He takes queer notions, and if he saw you all going out, he might think there was a fire and get very violent, and maybe kill some one."

"Come, come," angrily remarked Mr. Clithers, loath to give up his idol, "are you sure you're not making a mistake? Say, Mr. Cardinal, you are not crazy, are you?"

Whereat both men burst into loud laughter. "Why, look at him," said the first spokesman; and indeed he did not appear sane. His eyes were flashing vindictively at the audience, and moving right and left, as though looking for a chance to run.

"Oh, he'd deceive smarter men than you," continued the keeper, for this is what he evidently was. "You see he's got mind-reading on the brain. He's been that way these five years. He got away from the State Asylum six weeks ago, and we've been after him ever since. Here's our papers."

But everybody was so disgusted at the turn affairs had taken, that no one cared to examine the papers; they were only anxious that the lunatic should be got rid of. Some dropped an anxious word that the keepers might have difficulty in taking him off.

"Never you fear," chuckled one of them. "We know our man." And so saying, he walked to the edge of the platform, and drawing from his pocket a large, luscious pear, held it up for Mr. Cardinal to see. That worthy glanced at it and turned away his head. Still it dangled there, and do what he could, his gaze returned to it. Greed sparkled in his eyes. Finally he shook his head. The keeper said, "Come?" He shook his head again. Then from his other pocket the keeper drew another pear and held it up also. The poor mind-reader fixed his eyes on them.

"Both?" he cried.

"Yes, both of 'em, if you'll come quietly," replied the keeper.

"And can I eat one now?" with a comical assumption of shrewdness.

"You shall have them both, now," asserted the keeper. The victory was complete. With a formidable grin, the lunatic came forward, stepped from the platform, and calmly left the hall, demolishing his pear, and occasionally looking at his other prize in exultation.

At the door of the hall a carriage stood, loaded with trunks, and the crowd who had rushed to the door saw two bags lying in the inside of the carriage. Mr. Cardinal and his keepers entered, and the carriage rolled away.

It would be useless to attempt to report the Babel of tongues that then found expression among the audience. It was the strangest experience that they had ever met with, and the unfortunate Mr. Clithers encountered many an ill-concealed rebuke in the form of the oft-repeated query:

"How could you ever be so deceived?"

He didn't know himself. What indeed affected him the most was the fact that the mystery of the stolen money was as far from being solved as ever.

So they separated finally, each to his home; but to many there was no rest that night. Most of them did not discover it until the morning; but all the next day there was weeping and wailing in that pretty town. It was found that while they were attending the *séance*, nearly every house belonging to the wealthy people had been entered, at the second story, and ransacked. It was a perfect night of looting. Mr. Clithers suffered the most. Many jewels which he supposed hidden had been taken, and, worst of all, his safe had been blown open, and all his available cash carried off. He was ruined, and indeed very many besides himself came near to bankruptcy. Somehow, the good people were many hours discussing the matter before they connected the mind-reader with the robberies. Then Mr. Clithers's explanation of his safe-robbery opened their eyes fully. It was still a mystery to him how they obtained an acquaintance with the inside of his house, and it is so still, for his wife, although she privately sorrowed over her fault, kept faith with the mind-reader. She dared not confess about the money she had purloined, and Mr. Cardinal kept his word.

Shortly afterwards, Mr. Clithers received a note, as follows:

"DEAR SIR: You wanted to find out where your money was gone. I think you have discovered by this time who stole it. THE MIND-READER."

But this insolent note did not satisfy the merchant, and to his dying day the truth was hidden from him.

THE NEW HARLEM RIVER BRIDGE.

THE new Manhattan Bridge, in course of construction across the Harlem River at One Hundred and Eighty-first Street, a short distance above High Bridge, will far exceed the latter structure in dimensions, elegance and utility. High Bridge is a very respectable monument of engineering skill, and has served its purpose admirably for nearly forty years; but that purpose having been solely to carry the old Croton aqueduct across the river, it was never a bridge in the full sense of the term, and accommodated only foot-passengers. It will soon be superseded in its primary function, also, by the new aqueduct, which is being tunneled under the bed of the stream, instead of carried over it.

The new bridge, as it will be when completed, is shown in our engraving on page 253, made from the drawing of Chief Engineer William R. Hutton. Its total length, with the approaches, is 2,375 feet. The width of the roadway between the parapets is 80 feet, and its height above the water is 151 feet. The bridge consists of two arches of steel, each of 508 feet span in the clear, and three granite piers, each 40 feet thick at the springing line of the arches; with two abutments of masonry, the east abutment being 342 feet long, and the west abutment 277 feet. Through each abutment is an arched masonry passage of 60 feet clear span.

The Manhattan Bridge will be, from an engineering point of view, the most important structure spanning the Harlem River. Connecting the upper part of Manhattan Island with the "annexed district" in Westchester County, it will at once become the great avenue of communication between the two chief fields of the city's rapid growth.

THE GLADSTONE TESTIMONIAL.

WE give on page 253 an illustration of the handsome testimonial which is to be presented to Gladstone by his American admirers. The testimonial, which was manufactured by Tiffany & Co., is of sterling silver, and three feet high and twenty-two inches wide at the base, surmounted at the top with an admirable bust of Gladstone. The likeness is said by his friends to be perfect. On the right side, looking at the object, is a graceful female figure clad in a star-mounted classical robe. She represents the genius of Ireland and America, and bears in her left hand a harp. She looks up with admiration at Gladstone, and twines about the vase of his statuette a wreath of shamrock. The bust rests upon a

square and solid centre, the front of which is ornamented with the words, "Home Rule," in block letters, grouped in the form of a horseshoe around the battle-axe and fasces. Extending horizontally across the cube are the words, "William Ewart Gladstone Testimonial, Presented by his American Friends."

The cube is adorned with the peculiar ancient Celtic ornamentation, a system of scrolls and curves. This Celtic ornamentation pervades the whole design. On the left side of the cube is a wreath of laurel in high relief, and on the back, in equally bold relief, are the figures "1887," representing the date of presentation.

The base on which the cube rests is surmounted by a border of stars and leaves of shamrock alternating. On the front of this base is the lamp of wisdom, on which, in raised letters, is the legend, "Sapientia," and grouped with this is the Gladstonian ax. The coat-of-arms of Christchurch College, Oxford, is over the lamp, with the words, "Double First," which signifies, in the parlance of the college, that Gladstone took first place in mathematics and the classics.

The lamp of wisdom is flanked on either side by wreaths, in the centre of which are the scales of justice evenly poised, and in the middle of the other a heart with the flame. On the right side of the base is a bust of Demosthenes, and on the opposite side a figure of Homer, the former suggesting Gladstone's oratorical, and the latter his epic powers. The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is suggested by a blended figure of the rose, shamrock and thistle on the back of the base. A shield will be attached to the front of the cube above the base, on which will be etched Gladstone's coat-of-arms, and behind which is the palm of success wrought in heavy relief.

The testimonial was suggested by the New York World, and cost \$3,500, which was raised by popular subscription, there being in all nearly 11,000 contributors.

THE NATIONAL DRILL AT CAMP WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON was both a martial and a festive aspect last week, when the streets were thronged with visitors, and the canvas city of the encampment spread itself picturesquely upon the broad Monument Lot. The relative positions of Monument, camping-ground, drilling-ground, White House and Potomac River are plainly shown in the large general view on page 256-7. The broad common between the White House grounds and the Monument is known as the White Lot, and has been greatly improved and beautified since the time of President Arthur. It is now a veritable park; in the centre of which, on a broad lawn of grassy turf, the infantry drills took place. It had been fenced in by the managers and prepared for the young soldiers, all of whom, however, did not eat and sleep on these grounds. Some of them were quartered at hotels, and the rest in the town of tents gathered around the base of the Washington Monument, which served as the clock of the camp—a sun-dial with a pointer 550 feet high. Spectators were admitted to the general benches built up against the fence on one side of the ground at a quarter a piece, and to chairs on the grand stand for a quarter more. At similar prices they were admitted at night to see the pyrotechnic representing the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimack*. The Government could not afford to let the horses and the wheels of the cavalry and artillery cut up the lawn, so their drills were given about two miles away, on a baseball ground in the north end of the town.

The opening formalities of the drill took place on Monday noon, May 23d, when the Washington Light Infantry, headed by the Third Artillery band, marched in and formed in hollow square. General Angur and his staff entered the square and stood with uncovered heads while the chaplain, Captain Charles M. Payne, prayed. A fine new garrison flag was drawn to the masthead. The band saluted it with "The Star Spangled Banner." The troops presented arms and the surrounding crowds enthusiastically cheered.

The drilling began, on Tuesday, with competitive manoeuvres by various infantry companies, thirty minutes being allowed each company. The day's exercises were being concluded, about four o'clock in the afternoon, by the performances of the Zeek Zouaves, of Johnstown, N. Y., when a violent storm of wind and rain broke over the camp. The spectators' stand was unroofed, the people were drenched, and the ships of the pyrotechnic sustained as much damage as they would have done in an actual fight.

On Wednesday, the President and Mrs. Cleveland reviewed the entire body of troops at Camp Washington, consisting of nearly sixty different organizations, from a shaded stand on the White House grounds. The parade was headed by General Angur and staff, and the Marine Band. Infantry competitions were continued on Thursday, Friday and Saturday; Zouave competitions on Tuesday and Thursday; regimental reviews and competitions on Wednesday; cadet competitions on Saturday; artillery drills on Thursday; individual competitions on Thursday and Friday. The prizes were awarded on Monday of this week—too late for the chronicling of the winners in our columns.

Altogether, the National Drill may be set down as a triumphant success—not merely as a spectacle, but in its more important functions, as a test of military equipment, and a promoter of the feeling of camaraderie amongst the different bodies of troops represented.

MAJOR BEN. PERLEY POORE.

MAJOR BEN. PERLEY POORE, whose critical illness has awakened widespread interest, has been for forty years one of the best-known figures of the national capital. In his long life he has played many parts, and all of them honorably and successfully. He was born at the family homestead, "Indian Hill Farm," at Newburyport, Essex County, Mass., in 1820. At the age of seven he was taken by his parents to the District of Columbia, where the greater part of his long, busy and eventful life has been passed, engaged in public duties. During the year 1881 he accompanied his parents to Europe, and on his return to the United States he was placed at a military school, with a view of securing an appointment to the West Point Academy afterwards. But he did not take kindly to the drill, the early "tap of the drum," or the school curriculum, either physically or mentally, and the restraint was not only irksome but slavish. So he abandoned books and drill, and turning his face away from the old homestead, undertook the serious task of making his way to fame and fortune unaided. After a time his efforts procured for him a situation in a printing office at Worcester, Mass.,

and there he learned "the art preservative of arts," to which he has ever since been devoted.

Young Poore was next heard of as clerk or private secretary to that distinguished speaker, writer, author and Southern diplomat, the Hon. Henry W. Hilliard, of Alabama, then United States Minister to Belgium. During his five years abroad Mr. Poore visited nearly every place in Europe, Syria, Lower Egypt and the Holy Land, acting a part of the time as agent of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and also as the foreign correspondent of the Boston *Atlas*. Upon his return to this country, in 1847, he continued his correspondence with the *Atlas*, with Washington as his headquarters. His father found a wife and true helpmate in Georgetown, D. C., and knowing that he chose well and wisely, he followed his example, also marrying there a lady richly endowed with all true womanly gifts.

In 1852 he organized a battalion of rifleman in Massachusetts, which held the highest rank among the volunteer military organizations of New England. When the late Civil War broke out he accepted the commission of Major in the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment. In 1862 Major Poore was appointed Clerk of the Printing Records of the United States Senate, which position he held continuously, with the exception of a brief period, when the Senate was Democratic, a few years ago. He has been a constant contributor to some one of the Boston magazines and newspapers for over forty years, notably the *Traveler* and *Herold*, and within the past few months he has published a highly interesting book of his "Reminiscences" of men and women whom he has met, and measures with which he has become familiar during his sojourn at Washington. He has been on friendly if not intimate terms with Benton, Clay, Calhoun, Sumner, Webster, Lincoln, Vice-president Wilson, Anthony and many others of lesser note, several of whom have enjoyed his hospitality at "Indian Hill Farm" during the recess of Congress. At this his Summer home, "Indian Hill," he rejoiced in the possession of an amateur printing-office, where he has the press on which Ben. Franklin once worked off his "Maxims," etc. He has ever been an ardent lover of agriculture, and a successful worker therein. He has been the Secretary of the United States Agricultural Society since 1855. He is a social "society" man, as well as being an active and influential member of the Masonic Fraternity. He is a Past Commander of the Columbia Commandery, Knights Templar, Washington, D. C., and a member in good standing of a large number of other organizations. He is also a member of the military Order of the Loyal Legion, and of the Grand Army of the Republic.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

M. DELAUNAY'S RETIREMENT.

M. DELAUNAY, the famous sexagenarian *jeune premier* of the Comédie Française has just retired from the stage. He took his formal leave as an artist at a special performance on the 16th ult. M. Delaunay was to the last the ideal stage "juvenile" and lover. At sixty, he played youthful parts with such grace, elegance and charm, that on one occasion when he was suddenly replaced by a young actor in the rôle of *Puritan*, some of the audience who did not at once perceive the substitution exclaimed, "How Delaunay has aged!" This wonderful actor, whose *retraite* is an irreparable loss to the French stage, was born in 1826, and made his *début* at the Comédie Française in 1848, in the rôle of *Valère* in Molière's "Ecole des Maris."

FOUNDATIONS OF THE EIFFEL TOWER.

Work on the great Eiffel Tower, which is to form such a striking feature of the Paris Exposition of 1889, has been steadily in progress since February last; and the massive foundations are nearly completed. The stone base upon which one of the four "feet" of the iron tower is to rest is shown in the picture. The foundations of the two feet on the side towards the Seine had to be sunk eleven meters, by means of caissons, before a solid bed could be obtained.

ROSSINI'S TOMB OPENED.

The recent ceremony of removing from France to Italy the remains of Rossini attracted to the Père-Lachaise Cemetery a crowd of the great composer's admirers and former friends. When the massive stone which covered the tomb was lifted the first object discovered was a sealed letter lying upon the top of the box containing the casket. This letter was addressed "To Rossini in Père-Lachaise." The Marquis Torregiani, representing the Italian Government, broke the seals and read the letter, which bore the signature of Mme. Rachel Giannini, who made her *début* thirty years ago, in Florence, in the "Otello" of the dead master. She had not been willing to leave for her Italian home without depositing a supreme adieu upon the ashes of the illustrious composer. By the aid of ropes and pulleys the casket was raised, and found to be in an advanced state of decay. On the lid, engraved upon a gold plate, was the half-hidden inscription: "Gioacchino-Antonio Rossini, Born February 23d, 1792—Died November 13th, 1868." The fastenings yielded easily under the pressure of the tools in the hands of the undertaker, and the lid of the coffin, covered with dust, was removed. The interior decorations of silk and black cloth were ornamented with fragments of gold lace held in place by silver-plated nail-heads. The features of the immortal composer were found to be in a wonderful state of preservation, and if the mouth had not been open one could have believed that Rossini was only sleeping. The body had been embalmed before burial. The collar and large cravat were still of an immaculate whiteness; the black suit, enveloped in a winding-sheet, appeared intact. After a photographer had taken two negatives of Rossini in his shroud, the remains were transferred to another burial-casket, for transportation to Florence, where the "Swan of Pesaro" now sleeps with Italy's illustrious dead in Santa-Croce.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE ENGLISH COLONIES.

In the early part of last month, Queen Victoria received at Windsor Castle the various delegates from the colonies, who were attending the Conference then sitting in London to discuss various questions relating to the Imperial possessions throughout the world. The Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg were present at the reception of the delegates, who were presented by Sir Henry Holland, and who handed to the Queen addresses from their respective colonies. Sir Robert Thorburn then read an address of congratulation from the Colonial Conference on the completion of the fiftieth year of her reign, during which the number of colonial subjects of European descent had increased from more than 2,000,000 to over

9,000,000; of Asiatic race in the Indian Empire from 96,000,000 to 254,000,000; and of other peoples in the colonies and dependencies from 2,000,000 to 7,000,000. The area now governed by Her Majesty in India is 1,380,000 square miles, and in the colonies 7,000,000 square miles. The Queen returned a suitable reply.

THE VENETIAN FÊTES.

A series of beautiful and highly successful festivities signaled the visit of the King and Queen of Italy to Venice, to attend the National Art Exposition, and to inaugurate the statue of Victor Emmanuel, of which an engraving appeared among our foreign illustrations last week. No other city in the world lends itself to spectacular splendor like Venice. Gondolas brilliant with gold and color, gorgeously draped, and manned by gondoliers wearing the ancient liveries, appeared and reappeared at every corner, while the King and Queen did what in them lay to add to the pomp. The illuminations at night were strikingly beautiful, the churches, hotels and bridges glittering with palms, garlands, stars, and crowns of fire, while on the water thousands of illuminated gondolas, barges and steamers produced an effect of a mass of sparkling jewelry. Our illustration represents the illuminations on board the Peninsular and Oriental steamer *Mongolia*, with the royal barge passing in front.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

We give a portrait of Señor Miguel Juárez Celman, the President of the Argentine Republic. He is the fifth constitutional President of the Argentine Republic, and his election, in which he triumphed over several antagonists, all old politicians, is the first that has occurred in that country under happy auspices, no civil war or bloodshed resulting. He took the oath, October 12th, 1886, and his inaugural address, full of brilliant promise, produced a happy impression. The short but brilliant career of Señor Celman gives hope of an excellent and peaceful administration.

A HANDY COMPUTING SCALE.

The *American Analyst* describes a very ingenious computing scale, the invention of Mr. L. A. Meneger, of Lansing, Kan. The scale consists of a simple balance-arm resting on a nickel point supported by a standard about eighteen inches high. There are two scales on the balance-arm. One denotes the weight and the total cost of the article weighed; the other, the unit of price, which is designated by a sliding weight. From this sliding weight is suspended the scoop or slab to contain the article to be weighed. By this scale the total cost of any article to be weighed is given. For instance, if seven and a half pounds of butter be placed on the scale, and the price be 13½ cents a pound, the scale shows at once that the total cost is \$1.01½. Or if a purchaser wish 16 cents worth of tea, the price of which was 75 cents a pound, the weight would be fixed, the sliding one at 75 cents, the other one at the 16 cents mark on the computing scale. Then, when enough tea should have been put into the scoop to cause the scale to balance, that quantity would be the 16 cents worth desired.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

A SPANIARD named Carulla has put the whole Bible into verse.

A PLOT to assassinate the Sultan of Turkey was discovered last week, and a number of high officials have been summarily dismissed.

THE President has appointed Mr. E. Henry Lacombe, the present Corporation Counsel of New York, as Circuit Judge in the Second Judicial District of the State.

THIRTEEN HUNDRED HORSES and 130 cars were burned up by a fire in the Belt Line car-stables, New York, on the morning of the 27th ult. Some thirty or forty tenement-houses were also destroyed.

REPORTS from the hop-yards of Central New York are not by any means satisfactory. It is likely that this will be the third successive bad year for hops. In many places the ground is being plowed up, and other crops will be planted.

A SINGULAR bet is reported from Belzig, Prussia, where a hotel-keeper has engaged to copy within two years the whole text of the Bible, punctuation and all, without a single mistake, in consideration of the sum of 2,000 marks. The conditions of the bet are drawn up in legal form before a notary.

CHARGES against the Pennsylvania and the New York Central Railroads for violating the Interstate Commerce Law have been filed with the Commission. The charges allege discrimination in favor of Western roads in the interchange of passenger traffic.

THE French ministerial crisis still continues, and the indications now are, that, unless President Grévy yields in his opposition to Boulanger, no durable Ministry can be formed. Boulanger's retention of the War Office seems to be demanded by public sentiment, but M. Grévy wants peace, and he fears it cannot be maintained with the general in the Cabinet.

THE Philadelphia *Press*, says: "The effect of the passage of the High License Law is seen already in the large number of saloons which are offered for sale, though the law has not yet gone into operation, and nearly a year must elapse before most of the saloons will come fairly under its operation. While the number of saloons offered for sale has increased very much, we do not hear of a corresponding increase in the number of purchasers. Under high license, saloon property rules low."

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

MAY 21st.—In Boston, Mass., ex-Mayor Albert Palmer, aged 56 years; in St. Joseph, Mo., Hiram B. Ketchum, millionaire cattle-dealer, etc., aged 61 years; in Sandwich, Mass., Rev. Joseph Marsh, aged 91 years. MAY 23d.—In New York, Henry A. Vatable, founder of the shipping firm of H. A. Vatable & Son, aged 87 years. MAY 24th.—In New York, Walter E. Brush, of the Produce Exchange, aged 69 years; in Buffalo, N. Y., Dr. Thomas F. Rochester, a leading physician, aged 64 years; in Newport, R. I., Charles M. Childs, a well-known New York merchant, aged 68 years. MAY 25th.—In New York, ex-Judge Josiah Sutherland, aged 83 years; in Washington, D. C., Henry J. Ramsdell, the well-known journalist, aged 43 years; in Philadelphia, Pa., Rev. Richard Newton, D.D., aged 74 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Supervisor Edward Fitzgerald, of the Fifth Ward, aged 42 years. MAY 26th.—In St. Paul, Minn., Commodore William F. Davidson, pioneer Mississippi steamboatman.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

IMMIGRANTS to the number of 4,650 landed at Castle Garden in one day last week.

THE sale of the French Crown Jewels realized a total sum of 6,864,000 francs, or \$1,324,752.

THE builders' deadlock in Chicago has been partially broken, and work is being resumed.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S Jubilee Celebration in Westminster Abbey will cost the British taxpayers \$85,000.

In Chesterfield County, Va., recently, a colored candidate for office was defeated because he wore a white shirt.

THE receipts of the Brooklyn Bridge during the four years it has been open to the public have been over \$3,000,000.

PRESIDENT and Mrs. CLEVELAND left Washington, last week, to spend a fortnight at Saranac Lake, in the Adirondacks.

A PENSION is claimed by a Little Rock woman on the ground of nervous debility produced by seeing a wounded Federal soldier's leg amputated.

A PITTSBURGH firm is shipping shovels to South America and all parts of Europe. Pittsburgh has almost succeeded in supplanting English shovels in Australia.

RECENT forest fires in Northern New York have destroyed vast quantities of timber. One owner lost nearly 4,000,000 feet of logs, cut and ready for the mill.

A GIGANTIC scheme is on foot to consolidate all the cattle interests of the Northwest, and form a company which shall control \$15,000,000 worth of cattle and grazing lands.

THE Presbyterian General Assembly, North, has resolved to raise during this centennial year the sum of \$1,000,000 as a permanent fund for the Board of Ministerial Relief.

A MEMORIAL service in honor of the late Samuel J. Tilden was held by the New York Legislature on the 23d ult. Hon. George Raines, of Rochester, was the orator of the occasion.

THE village of Lake Linden, in Michigan, consisting of 200 buildings, was destroyed by fire on the 20th ult, involving a loss of \$2,000,000, and rendering 5,000 people homeless.

THE President has issued an order abolishing twenty-two Internal Revenue collection districts by consolidating them with other districts, effecting thereby an annual saving of \$120,000.

NEARLY ten thousand miners are on strike in Belgium. Riots have occurred in various districts, the mobs displaying black and red flags. The mobs were in each case dispersed by troops.

THE anniversary of the battles of 1870 around Metz will be celebrated this year with unusual éclat. Veterans will assemble at Metz from all parts of Germany to take part in the celebration.

THE New York Legislature adjourned on Thursday last. One of its last acts was to pass the Vedder Liquor Tax Law. All proposed legislation authorizing the sale of wine and beer by hotels on Sunday was defeated.

THE Opera Comique in Paris was destroyed by fire on the night of the 25th ult. The fire broke out during a performance, and at least 200 persons are known to have perished in the flames. The tragedy produced a great sensation in the French capital.

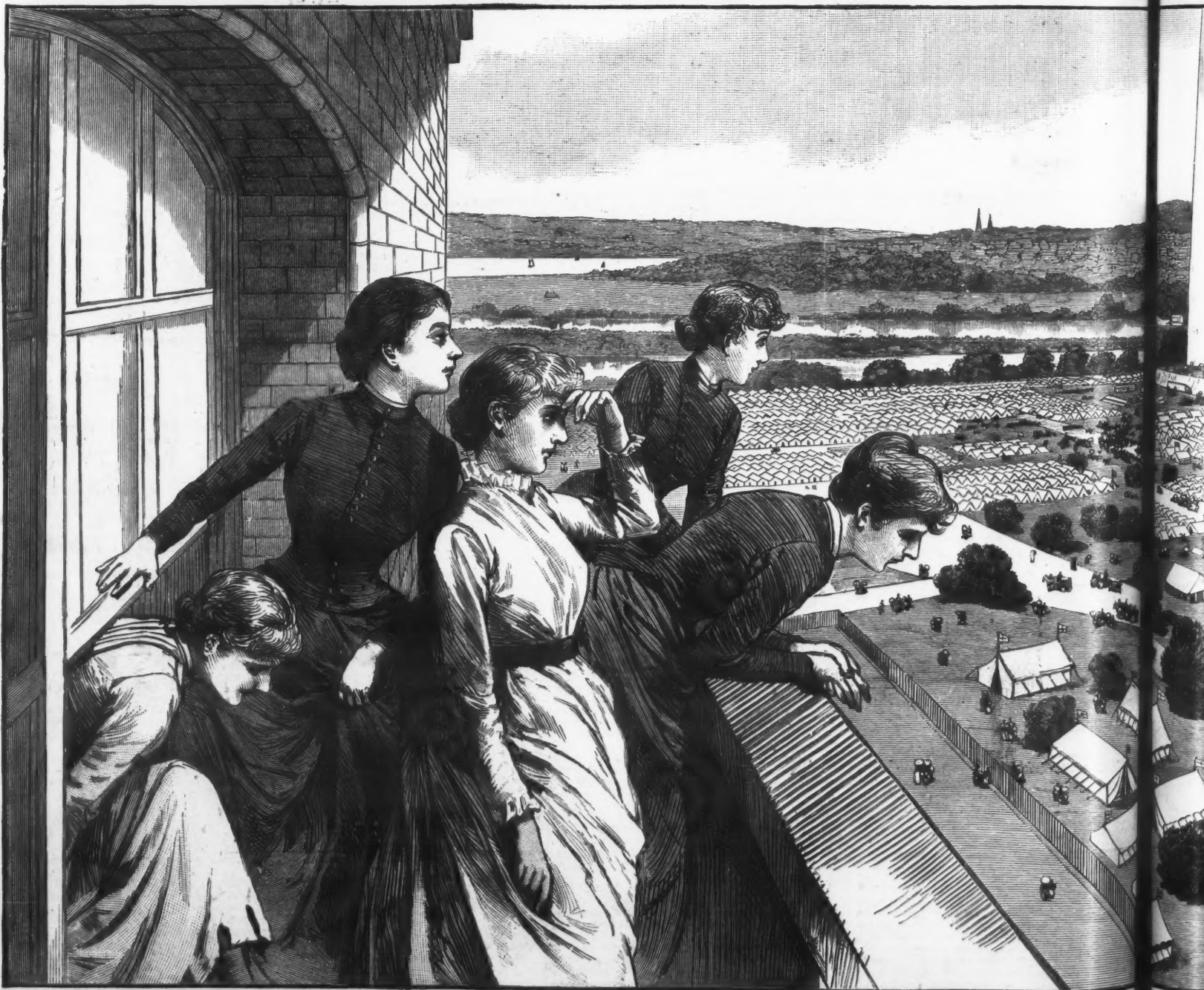
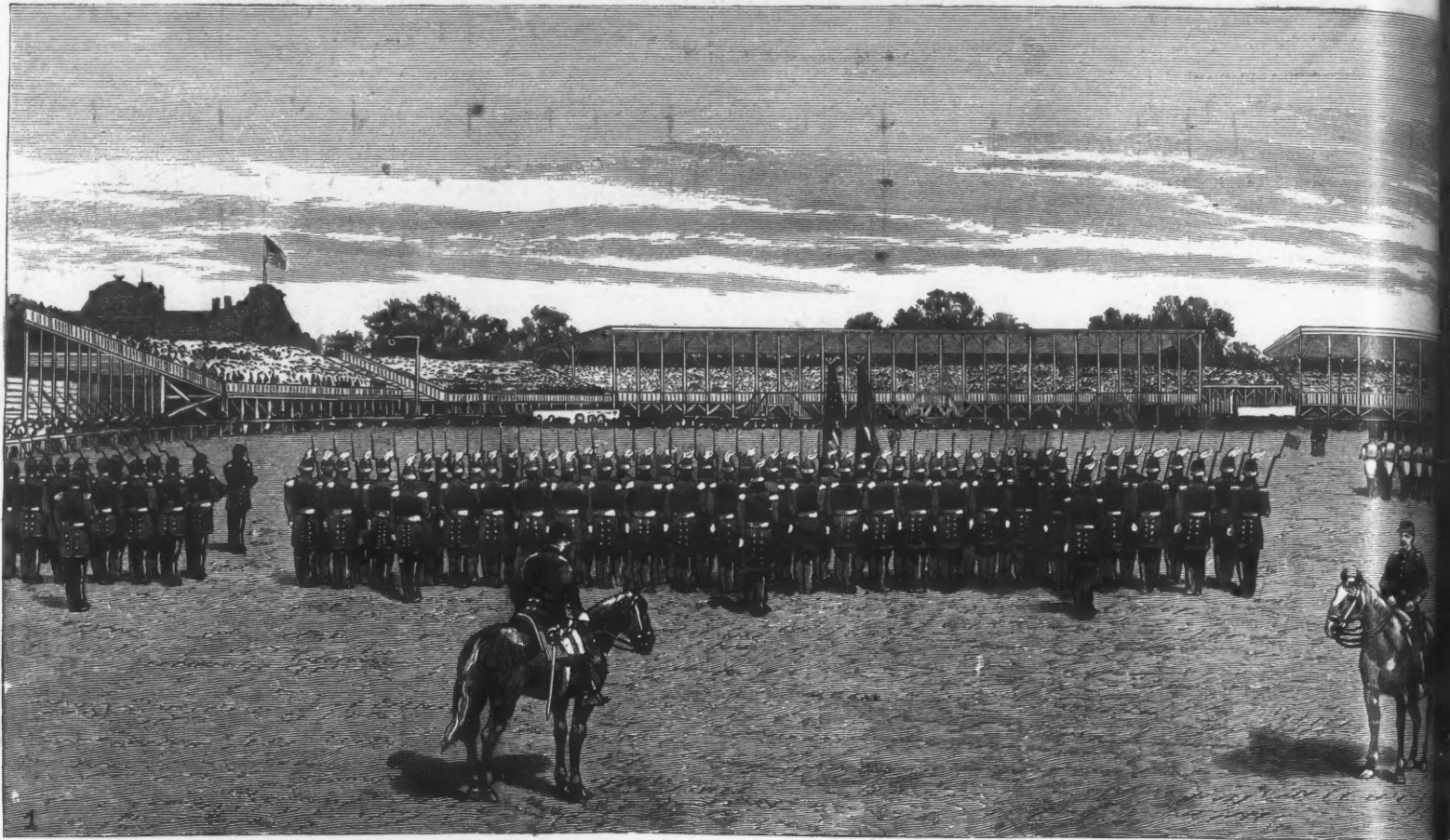
THE English Derby was won last Wednesday by Lord Abington's colt Merry Hampton, against whom the odds in the betting were 11 to 1. Merry Hampton was bred by Mr. Crowther M. Harrison. He never ran as a two-year old, and the Derby was his maiden effort. The Baron, who was the favorite, came in second, and Martley third.

THE Jubilee offering of the Irish constabulary to Queen Victoria will be a horse and jaunting-car. The offering, however, does not appear to be altogether voluntary. The movement has been started at police headquarters, and the Inspector-general, in impressing on the force that the subscriptions are to be voluntary, directs that the names of all men who do not subscribe are to be recorded!

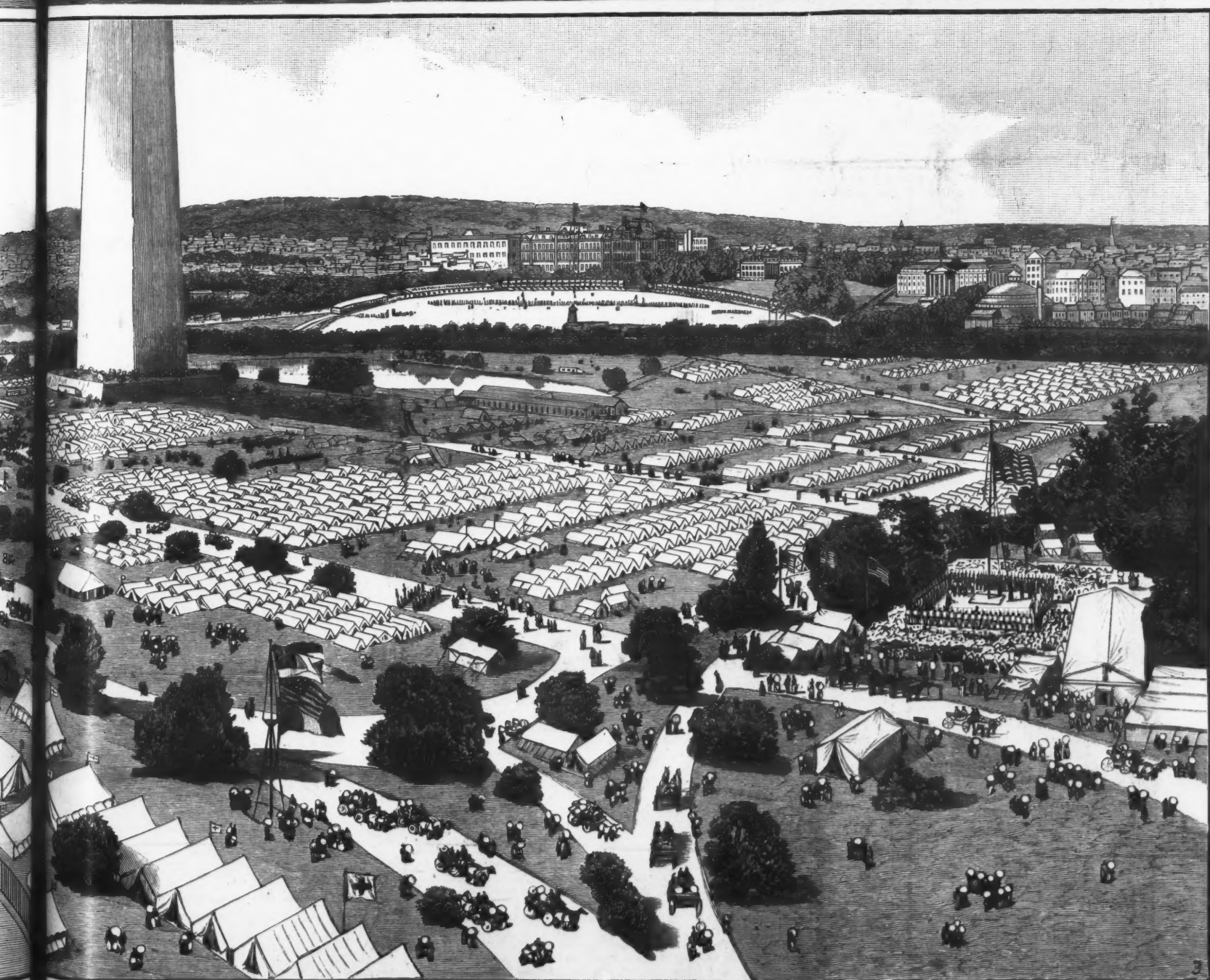
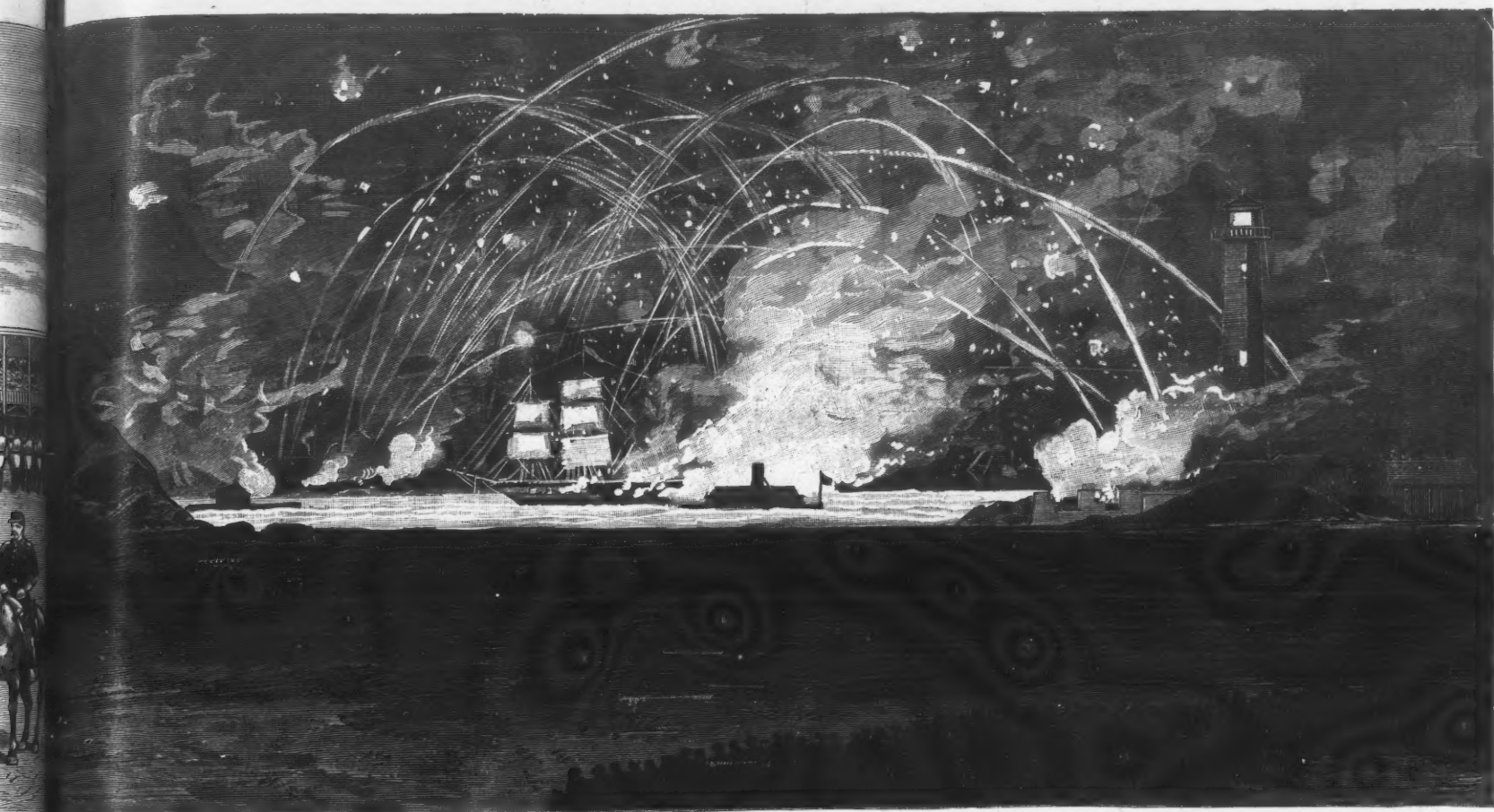
JACOB LEGGETT was to have been hanged for murder in Reidsville, Ga., on Friday, the 13th ult. He had mounted the scaffold, and the noose and black cap were adjusted, when his lawyer, Colonel Clifton, dashed through the crowd and dramatically stopped the proceedings with a reprieve from Governor Gordon. Clifton had driven forty-five miles from Johnston Station, the nearest railway station to Reidsville, and by desperate haste arrived just in time to save his client's neck. The spectators around the gallows were deeply impressed, and petitions were at once put in circulation asking the Governor to commute Leggett's sentence to imprisonment for life.

MR. O'BRIEN had another narrow escape from assassination by Ontario ruffians at Hamilton, on Monday night of last week. As he was returning with his friends in cabs to the hotel, after meeting several revolver-shots were fired at him in quick succession. One of the balls struck the driver of the cab next to Mr. O'Brien's, wounding him severely in the wrist. No arrest was made. The undaunted Irish champion proceeded on his journey the next morning, arriving at Niagara Falls on Tuesday evening, prostrated by nervous excitement and exhaustion. He was able, however, to start for Montreal, via Albany, on Wednesday. At Albany he had a reception in the Assembly Chamber, and made a brief address. His welcome at Montreal was cordial and enthusiastic.

BISHOP RILEY, of Mexico, has gathered a beautiful collection of views of the principal objects of interest to be seen in Mexico, Central and South America, Cuba and Spain, which, when grouped in published form, will present a very clear idea of what is to be seen in those lands. Desirous of making Spain and Spanish America better known to the English-speaking people, and hoping to raise by his personal labors additional funds with which to befriend his charitable, educational and other Christian work in Mexico, the Bishop is publishing a "First Part" of such a work, calling it "Spain and Spanish America, Illustrated," with articles by Don Emilio Castelar and other authors and travelers, describing those countries. This first part is to be ready in the next few days. The view we give, in this number, of the Cathedral of Mexico, is from one of the Bishop's plans, prepared for his work, and will give some idea of the character of his publications.



1. DRESS PARADE ON THE ELLIPSE OF THE "WHITE LOT." 2. REPRESENTATION OF THE NAVAL BATTLE BETWEEN THE "MONITOR" AND THE "MERRIMAC." 3. VIEW OF WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE NATIONAL MILITARY DRILL



...OF THE BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING AT THE MOMENT OF HOISTING THE FLAG IN FRONT OF THE HEADQUARTERS: THE CEREMONY OF FORMALLY OPENING THE CAMP.
 ... SOUTH OF THE WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS, MAY 23D-30TH.
 ...-SEE PAGE 255.

A WEB OF FATE.

A ROMANCE OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

BY LIEUTENANT RODNEY.

CHAPTER XII.—THE SEARCH AFTER HILDA.

"Conscience? What means that? For I feel not such a divinity in my bosom."

NEW YORK has done where neither the sun, fresh air, virtue nor the police ever penetrate. In such a den, adroitly ignored by the guardians of the public peace, sat two men—Sol Cramm and Rupe Moth. The room had furniture enough, that was both gaudy and greasy. Remains of dinner were on the table—meat-pie, pickles, cheese—whose odors filled the room to present extinction of a thousand other odors that had gathered and clung there from time immemorial. The pair had now pipes in their mouths, and between them a pitcher of lemonade.

"How I hate this washy stuff!" cried Rupe. "It's six months since I had a good square drink of whisky. I could choke that girl for being the means of such a torture!"

"You can do better than choke her," said Sol Cramm.

"How's that?"

"Marry her!"

"Old man, what are you driving at?"

"I wouldn't wonder if it should come to that—why not? It must be kept dark from Takeswood, but you might make it out. You can get yourself up to be quite stunning, and you have some education. The whisky was to get the go-by from both of us, for it limbers our tongues. You saw that when you lost the locket."

"So it does," said Rupe, crestfallen, and doing penance by swallowing lemonade.

"It is bad luck for both of us that Takeswood is in this thing. I wish he were out of the way. It makes too many, it sets our price too high, if we have him to pay off, and he is always likely to try some trick on us. When that girl disappeared from the light, I made sure that Takeswood had trotted her off to Germany to Baron von Helde, to make his own terms."

"He might do that any minute."

"So he might; well, if he wakes up some morning and finds he's dead, it will be no more than his deserts—that's all. You see, Rupe, just how it is. As soon as Takeswood got that one secret from me when I was drunk, I was in his hands, and blast me if I'll be ground under that man's heel any longer!"

Now, from the moment his name had come into this conversation, Takeswood himself had been an unseen party thereto. By fee of a brooch, he had induced a girl living in the house to put him into the room next to that occupied by Sol and Rupe; there, by means of a little hole over the door, whereto Takeswood put his ear, assisted by a paper horn, he had heard all that had concerned him. When silence brooded in the next room, broken only by low rumblings from the breast of Sol Cramm—which rumblings, accompanied by clouds of smoke and a red glow of the pipe, were highly suggestive of Vesuvius in an irritated state, and were translated by Rupe to mean, "Blast that Takeswood!" "Blame that Takeswood!" and other and stronger consignments of Takeswood to perdition—Takeswood appeared at the door, with a smooth, sly, ingratiating smile, and was hailed with friendly epithets, and given the freedom of the pie and cheese.

"What's to be done?" asked Takeswood, with his mouth full. "Won't the girl give in? She would if I had the handling of her!"

"You've had your try," said Sol Cramm. "Your old mother was to make her marry Anvers, but you and the old woman could not manage either of them, when you had 'em right in hand. You took her to your sister, and she let her slip off, like a born idiot."

"That was all owing to that Moray; he's born for my ruin. Whenever that accursed Signal Service man gets his hand into my affairs, I'm bound to go to the wall. He has the devil to help him."

"We'll match him, if he thinks he's going to get girl or money. You make sure the reason why the Morays won't rise to our offer is that they are bound to search out the affair without price, at the German end. They might do it any day. But now we've got the girl."

"And we are working preciously slow, and using up all the cash we had in hand, and if we don't get back where we can hold up a few more stages, we'll be strapped. That gal's costing us a mint of money; we've got to keep her, it seems, in a house where she'll have light and air, and this and that, and Ah Wing to watch her, all at high price. If she'd stopped here with my old woman to watch her, it would have been cheap."

"No, it wouldn't. First place, your woman had soft streaks in her to that girl, and sooner or later she'd have let her slip. Besides, what use is the girl to us, dead? Unless she lives our game's up, and she's too fine fibre for a place like this; she would have died in a week."

"Well, what's to be done?" cried Takeswood, impatiently. "We cannot live here for ever. Our line of work don't lie in New York. Can't the girl be got to promise and sign what we want?"

"She's an uncommon stubborn girl. We have frightened her and tried to bribe her. That woman where she is now spends day in and day out laying before her what she might get in the Old World. I believe it is love for that Moray makes her hold out so."

"It's no matter what makes her hold out—question is, what to do with her?"

"Well, if we cannot make her give in soon, we must carry her to Arizona, where we can make our money on the stages, and will have time to bring her round. If she feels helpless in our hands, she will give in in a year or two, or we can get her married to some one who will give us our terms."

—Cramm glanced at Rupe—"or we can hold her

until she's of age, and can make her sell out on the spot."

"There's another way," said Takeswood.

"What way?" demanded Sol.

"Sell out to the baron. Let him know she's found, and can be brought forward any day, and will be, if he don't compound. Then bring him to terms. Get him to give us fifteen or twenty thousand each, and you your three double-headed eagles."

There was a dead silence.

Rupe Moth and Sol Cramm had, more than a month ago, tried this very step, and were waiting answer from their agent.

Takeswood, on his part, had written to the baron, and was now waiting his answer. He had not mentioned the other two parties supposed to be his partners, and they equally had not mentioned him. Such is the honor among thieves!

"If he took that up, we must get rid of the girl," said Rupe.

"That would be easy a thousand ways," said Takeswood. "There's no need," he added, presently, "of putting so high a price on this. I could have twenty thousand, and you each ten."

His comrades bristled angrily at this.

"First place," argued Takeswood, "you two are father and son, so the money really goes to one spot. Next place, you get the paper."

"The paper is only paper," said Sol.

"Well, owing to the writing on it, it means a good deal to you. It means you can go back to Germany in safety; and when your cousin there is dead, you will inherit his house and farm, and that is a safe, easy living, where you can sit in the sun all day, smoke your pipe, drink your beer, order your servants, eat your fill, and not endanger your neck whenever you get your pocket empty and are morally forced to hold up a stage."

Visions like this had often crossed Sol Cramm's mind, since he forfeited his birthright by crime in his native land. His mother had been German, his father a renegade American, who fled for forgery, and successfully hid, married, lived and died in Germany, getting a wife better than his deserts, and a son like himself.

"It's all very well for you to talk of taking the lion's share," said Rupe Moth, bringing down his fist upon the table so that all the dishes—emptied by Takeswood, who ate like Loki or Fire—danced again. "Just you remember that you came into this by accident, and have done nothing. You are a cuckoo in the nest, and want the whole of it! What's the fact? Here is the fact: The woman Sol hires to take that child goes by accident to your house; she lives there; dies there; your folks wanted lodgers and she paid her way; she was not beholden to you, and your old woman got all her things, and no questions asked. Now, what claim does that give you? Then, owing to your having nothing to do, Sol took you out West with him: that was charity on his part; what claim does that give you? He got sick, had a little too much—talked in the jimmies, and you thought you had the whiphand of him. Now you ought to know whatever a man says in the jimmies ain't so. What claim does all this give you for as big, or a bigger, share than we get? Answer me that."

"Claim!" blurted Takeswood. "Right! Bah, 'tain't claim or right I'm dealing on, but power. I've got the power! Old copybook had it. Knowledge is power. Now, I've got the knowledge, and I'll use it to squeeze my fair share of the fortune that's coming out of these German estates!"

"Come, 'tain't no use our quarrellin'!" said Sol Cramm, soothingly. "All I ask, Takeswood, is, you should tell out what you do know. Maybe you're wrong about something, and need to be set right."

"And possibly you're goin' to be so charitably inclined as to set me right for nothing!" said Takeswood, with a leer.

"Might try and see; you're not obliged to pay in advance."

"Here goes," said Takeswood; "just you imagine I'm a-writing of a Dime Novel, or a Penny Dreadful. Once upon a time, in Hanover, on the River Oste, near Elm, there was the great and rich estate an' castle of Baron von Helde, and the fine farm of a man named Müller. Müller had no children: you were his heir, you married his sister, and he had a fancy for you. One day, in some political rioting, you were involved, arrested, and Baron von Helde had you fined and imprisoned, adding the disgrace of public stocks. The baron acted as a Monarchist, you acted as a Communist—your cousin sided with you both, in some measure. Two years after that you found Von Helde alone, as you thought, murdered him, and when he was buried and no notice was taken of you, you concluded you were not suspected. But Von Helde had a younger brother, who greatly coveted the estates, title and fortune for his young son, Alexis. The baron murdered left a widow who pined away and died, leaving a babe a year old. Then the surviving Von Helde sent for you and let you know he knew all the circumstances of the murder, and he made you write a full confession, which was sealed up with three double-headed eagles in red wax and put in a coffer. He then bargained with you to keep that for ever secret, if you would carry off his brother's baby heiress to America, and it could be given out that she was dead. He gave you three thousand dollars to support the child until she could marry some workingman, and two thousand for yourself. You were told, if you betrayed Von Helde or returned during his life, he would deliver your sealed confession to the officers of the law. You brought off the child, gave six hundred for her to an old woman you met in the ship's steerage, and the rest of the money you kept. But Von Helde was struck with apoplexy, and at the idea of death, that queer thing called conscience, which some people have, raised up such a row in him, that he turned fool, repented, and wanted the child Hilda back, to rear her up and marry her

to his son. He found you, by advertising, and he offered you your paper if you put the child safe in his hands. You could not find the child. The baron died, and left the estates and your confession to his son. Now your cousin is very old, you want to go back to Germany and inherit what he leaves, and you dare not on account of that paper. It might come out and hang you any minute. Do they hang for murder there? or kill some worse way? You ought to have studied it all up."

"Hold your tongue!" roared Rupe Moth, "or I'll be answerable for murdering you."

"Now, it seems to me," said Takeswood, with a most diabolical leer, "that if you can arrange to get your paper in your own hands, and buy me off, and have a few thousands to get over to Germany in good style with, it is all you should ask. You can perhaps sell out the girl's case on such terms to the present baron, Alexis von Helde, or I can. Or you may marry the girl to a man who will work with us, and she can get her estates, and pay you off with the paper and me with cash."

"You will meanwhile consider," said Rupe Moth, "that Sol is the one who can swear to the girl that she was the real Von Helde."

"I can swear to her a good while back," said Takeswood, doggedly. "I used to swear at her enough, when she was little."

"Moreover," said Sol, calmly, "the case cannot be made out at all, unless my cousin can get some papers for me in Germany, and unless we can get this girl to speak what she knows, and unless we get hold of that locknet, for inside the case there is a little lid that lifts and gives her full name and the date of birth. Her mother had it fastened on her neck when she was only a few months old."

"Long and short, what will you do about it?" asked Takeswood.

"Let us all keep friends, and work together," said Sol, with vast show of cordiality. "If we get no nearer our end in a fortnight's time, we will take the girl to Arizona, let your mother have charge of her, and we will earn our living as we have, until she comes round, or gets of age, or the baron gives in to us."

"I doubt not you two have a secret notion of shelving me and playing your own game," said Takeswood, with a glare; "but, Sol Cramm, don't you go too far with me. I know you for the giant-powder man, and I could let all Arizona loose on you, like a pack of bloodhounds. Also the gal knows you for that same, too."

"She don't now," said Sol. "She did on the cars, with my long hair and beard, but now I'm cropped, and shaved, and got a mustache, she hasn't the least notion who I am. I looked her straight in the eye, and she never flinched nor gave a sound."

"And you think she don't know Ah Wing is Ah Wing?"

"No; one Chinaman is just like another to most folks. If she had known him, she'd have given some signs, or showed fear."

"You don't know her," said Takeswood. "When she lived at our house and was no higher than this table, I'd pull her hair to make her cry, and she wouldn't cry or give a sound or look that I was touching her at all. She'd cry if the old woman spoke fierce to her, if she pinched her finger, or lost her cat; but if she made up her mind not to cry, she wouldn't no more'n stone."

"She's got Von Helde blood in her," said Sol Cramm, "and she looks just like her mother." I could almost swear, when I see her, that the dead has come back to life. She moves and looks just as the Baroness von Helde did when I used to see her walking along by the Oste. If she pines away and dies as easy as she did, all our game is up."

"There's one thing sure," said Rupe Moth; "she's going to be treated as well as possible—not a hair of her head shall be hurt."

"Rupe," said Sol Cramm, "I see in you now and then pretty large streaks of your mother and grandmother."

"What do they look like?" asked Rupe, with a rough laugh.

"Like black against white, as them two women did alongside my father and me."

"Must look like a convict, then!" said Takeswood, with a roar.

Our story crosses the sea, to where for two or three hundred years the waters of the Oste have rippled by the Castle of Von Helde.

Beauty, bloom, verdure, luxury, refinement, honor—these were the portion of Von Helde; but in the midst of all these, the young Baron Alexis lived a lonely life. He was standing now in a window of his library, his arms crossed on his breast, his eyes fixed on the waters of the Oste, where they shone, tinted by the setting sun, through openings in the foliage. The young baron's handsome face was grave and sad; his life silent and secluded; his manners were reserved; he had a hereditary secret, and a hereditary crime, and he did not know what to do with either of them. He often wished he had inherited nothing more than a pair of muscular arms and a spade. In such a case he would not have been possessed and driven day and night by two spectres of goody mien and name, "Justice" and "Filial Reverence." The baron had in one of his hands an open letter—a scrawled, a dirty, a blotted, a foreign letter, which engaged his present thoughts, and was signed "Takeswood."

A light tap at the door—a respectful voice, modulated, as of a trained servant:

"Herr Baron—Fritz Müller, at your service."

Baron von Helde turned.

"Oh, Müller, how are you?" He did not hold out his hand, for he had some doubts as to Müller's moral status, and handshaking meant a deal to the baron.

"Herr Baron," said Fritz Müller, "I am an honest man."

The baron bowed, gave his guest a chair, and sat down.

"And yet, Herr Baron, I come to you, on what

is, I admit, a dirty and dishonest piece of business. But it cannot be helped, Herr Baron. I have lived my seventy years, and I have found that while we may make shift to be honest ourselves, we are often troubled with less scrupulous relations. I hope, Herr Baron von Helde, that no one is likely to listen, for both our sakes; for I am here to lay open the iniquity of our houses, and if I, Herr Fritz Müller, have a villain for a cousin, you, Herr Baron, were blessed the same way in your father."

Baron von Helde fairly reeled in his chair; he groaned.

"I say to you," said Müller, speaking softly, "that we are both on the same ground, and when I open my family sin, I open yours; and I also say to you that this sin lies a dead secret between you and me and one more, or two more at most, and need never go further."

Baron von Helde bowed; he could not speak. Müller went on:

"Baron, your family have been proud to hand down your estates. So has ours done. I am the last of my house. Unless my cousin, Solomon Cramm, can return here and inherit at my death, and after him, his son, who was named here by law Müller, my family property will escheat to the Crown; and you know my political feelings—that I hate the Prussian Crown and the family of Frederick. We do not agree there. I did not come here to talk politics."

Fritz Müller then hastily recounted the story Takeswood had ferreted out, and had rehearsed to Cramm and his son, Rupe Miller, or Müller.

"God knows," said the baron, "that my father repented most bitterly of his sin. He tried to find the child. As soon as I inherited, I began search, in this country and in America, and until this morning, I had believed that my unfortunate little cousin was dead."

"Until this morning?"

"Yes; I had a letter saying that she was alive."

"If she is alive, she inherits all this property, and the title."

"God knows she is welcome to it."

"And when you place her here, in her just position, you proclaim to all Germany your dead father's crime. He died, wearing an honorable name."

Baron von Helde winced, paled. "Right must be done," he said; "but there is a way that my father had thought of, and which I told him I should try, if the girl should be found. As my wife, she would have the inheritance of her father, and my father's name would be saved."

"You can have the girl," said Müller. "My cousin Cramm has her now; he is prepared to swear to her identity. He will give her up to you for twenty thousand dollars and a packet sealed with three double-headed eagles—the confession of one villain's crime, wrested from him by another villain," added Müller, meaningly. He had no love for the Von Helde, root nor branch.

"To begin with, I must give up this proof of a crime, and agree to let a man go scot-free who in cold blood murdered my uncle and sent my aunt heart-broken to her grave? I loved those two with all my heart."

"Your father was ready to let the murderer go," said Müller.

"My father sinned, and sorrowed for it in bitterness of soul. Shall I go right into the sin by which he fell and suffered? Before God, I feel it wrong to let a murderer go while his victim's blood cries from the ground. As to the twenty thousand, this entire estate belongs to my cousin Hilda. I own not one penny of it. My father came here bankrupt. I have no right to pay, or promise away, what does not belong to me."

"What will you do about it, then?" asked Fritz Müller.

"I shall find my cousin. I shall make over into her hands all the property. She may then do with money and papers as she pleases."

"But, Herr Baron, she may hate you, or be married and a mother. That will beggar you, and will proclaim to all the world your father's disgrace. All men will believe you shared his sin. You will be, like Cain, a fugitive and a vagabond."

"I shall have done right in the sight of God."

"Listen," said Müller. "I must save my heir—and his son is not half bad." He bent nearer. "Send them the paper, and thirty thousand, and you shall never hear of the girl again, but remain in peace, the richest baron in Hanover."

Baron von Helde leaped to his feet.

"Never! by Heaven, never! In what a den of wild beasts has my cousin fallen! I will save her!"

"Is not that what my cousin proposed in his letter to you?"

"He sent me no letter."

"From whom did you hear?"

"From a man named Takeswood."

"And what did he offer?"

"That that you have, at less price; or, if I betrayed him, a dagger in my heart. He did not understand the spirit of a Von Helde."

The baron rushed from the room.

"Remain!" he cried to his valet. "Prepare my baggage. I set out in the morning for America."

(To be continued.)

THE GARFIELD MONUMENT AT CLEVELAND.

BASS-RELIEFS OF CASPAR BUBERL.

BY far the most important and elaborate work in sculpture ever executed in America has recently been finished by Mr. Caspar Buberl, at his studio in West Thirteenth Street. It consists of a series of sculptural compositions in relief for the Garfield Monument at Cleveland, the entire work covering the life of the assassinated President, from his early manhood until he was finally mourned by the country at large, and his life became the scene of a nation's sorrow. The reliefs are five in number, and together they embrace over 110 figures, all life-size, and executed in every variety of skill known to the art, both as

to the measure of projection—being from the very lowest of *basso-relievo* to the very highest *all'antico*, without making any subject a complete figure standing alone—and further as to composition and the treatment of each individual figure. When it is considered that for each of these reliefs Mr. Buberl was obliged to make a separate and individual study, and that its introduction in the composition should harmonize with the whole, and bear its own appropriate place in the story to be told, one can scarcely even then gather the magnitude of the artistic, intellectual and mechanical forces employed by the culture, brain and hand of one man. Suppose any one of these great panels were to be executed on canvas, with their life-size figures, the panels being seven feet high by sixteen feet long, few painters would undertake to complete such a work before three years, and yet to such perfection has Mr. Buberl brought his plastic art, that fifteen months of unremitting toil enabled him to send his last panel to the foundry almost simultaneously with the appearance of these illustrations.

The life of Garfield, not unlike that of many distinguished Americans, was full of variety, showing nearly all of the salient characteristics of our national life, and these the sculptor has fittingly reproduced in the fine masterpieces which have issued from his studio. Compared with other works belonging to the same school of plastic art in Europe, Mr. Buberl's certainly stands at the head of any we yet know. The elaborate and costly sculptures on the Albert Memorial in London, and those on the Column Vendôme in Paris, and on the monument to Germania on the Rhine at Niederwald, are familiar to almost all travelers; but they neither embody as much original conception, as much variety in form, nor, for that matter, as correct drawing, as we find in these panels. It is hard for the American to believe that any work in art can be as well done in the United States as abroad; but the fact is, the European workers, when they are fine artists in the technique, are always hampered by considerations of this or that functionary, and cannot, if they would, pursue lines of independent treatment. They rather adhere to the conventional, in one form or another, giving us the good old-timers, and going back to the classics for their inspiration. This has not been at all the case with Mr. Buberl.

The first panel which the artist executed is a survey of the ordinary common school of this country. Garfield's contention with the juveniles, the studies on the wall, the booted and unbooted feet themselves, the magisterial attitude of the professor, must bring to mind the average experience of every American boy. This panel starts off the future President on his extraordinary career.

Panel number two, and which is the left flanking figure that the beholder will see, when in position, is a brave and brilliant episode in the life of the dead general—where he rode to Thomas with a dispatch through a hail of death, and against the protests of Rosecrans, to accomplish one of the most dramatic incidents of the Civil War. In the heat of political strife, perhaps Garfield's military services may have been underrated, but certainly Mr. Buberl, with true art feeling, has not forgotten to make a most telling effect. In fact and in fine, there is no group within the knowledge of the writer, here, in Europe or elsewhere, that tells such a martial story as this.

Garfield as an orator the artist has portrayed in a manner that will not soon be forgotten; and it is singular that Mr. Buberl, although born in Bohemia, should have caught the manner of the popular American orator. The composition will be readily appreciated as the first work of its kind, felicitous in its treatment, thoroughly true to the stump-speech eloquence of the man, and typical of the way in which public questions are presented to the people.

The fourth panel, and which will occupy the position to the extreme right of the facade, is the crowning triumph in the career of this successful American politician. It is "Taking the Oath as President" of the United States. Portraiture abounds in this marvelous grouping, and we see nearly all of the celebrated men of our time—Arthur, Sherman, Logan, Blaine, Chief Justice Waite, Evarts, Schurz, and many others of national renown, and it is, indeed, wonderful how the artist could have so well told history as he has.

The most melancholy part of the artist's work is the last and final sculpture. It represents the bier of the dead statesman; and it may be said, without any emphasis whatever, that this is an art composition which will touch the sensibilities of the coldest beholder. Death is the impressive incident: the grief of age, the tender sympathy of the child, the warmth of woman's sorrow, the sturdy pain of the old soldier, the tear of the young boy—all of these phases are graphically portrayed.

Mr. Caspar Buberl has been going on in his own quiet way for over thirty-two years in the United States, neither seeking nor sought. He has kept aloof from public notice, but his master-hand has made its impress all the same on public monuments, in private decoration, and wherever his craftsmanship and brain have been called in requisition. His powers are now at their ripest, his experience great in all departments of sculpture, his mental and artistic grip stout and calm, and his methods of interpretation indicative of a fertility of which American art, let us hope, will in the future be a large beneficiary. That he had the patience and feeling to do this important work is a proof not only of his title to rank high in the art world, but also that he may be an example to those who aspire to eminence in the plastic arts.

A. S. S.

LEAVENWORTH,

THE METROPOLIS OF KANSAS.

THIS ancient city is all astir with new life and activity. It has caught the latter-day fever of progress, and now holds its head as high as any of its rivals. If it had a hotel capable of rendering satisfaction to the public, like those at St. Joseph and Topeka, it could really assume metropolitan airs, for it has wide, clean streets, thronged by busy multitudes. The stranger who visits Leavenworth expecting to find that it has gone to decay in the midst of so much rivalry on every hand will be surprised to see the commercial and industrial life everywhere apparent. While it has not made rapid strides in wealth and population, its growth has been steady and substantial in every department of trade. The rivalry among the cities on the Missouri River must be fierce, for they are all seeking commercial supremacy, and there is not a move made by any of them that the others do not take note of and follow up. Placed between the city of the population and character of Omaha, St. Joseph and Kansas City, the situation must at times be embarrassing to Leavenworth and Atchison, but neither of them ever falters or hesitates, but goes right on in its determined way.

The past has been a year of marked progress in the history of Leavenworth, and its future is more promising than ever. Its great volume of manufacturing industry; its increased wholesale trade; its tremendous movement in real estate, the number of buildings of all kinds erected, and its greatly increased shipments of grain, fruit and farm products generally, indicate a healthfulness of expansion it may well be proud of. But while it has a satisfactory record in those particulars, it has not been backward in promoting internal improvements; for it is certainly an attractive city, and much reminds one of many to be found in New York and New England, where thrift and cleanliness go hand in hand. The people, too, are of that refined and cultivated class that renders a residence among them a supreme satisfaction. And I am not sure but that if our friends in New England who are content to live there when they can at best make their capital productive of no more than three or four per cent. per annum, and all because of the charmed social life they are enabled to lead, only knew of what they could find in Leavenworth in business pursuits and intellectual activity, they would speedily leave their overcrowded districts and seek homes in this beautiful little city. They would all be made welcome, and if they would come and bring along with them their employes, their reception would be correspondingly warm and generous.

Here is a city claiming 35,000 population, possessing all the elements necessary to run it up to 50,000 within the near future. It has health, wealth, location, climate, soil, fuel, transportation facilities, and a magnificent country surrounding it. What its growth may amount to within the next ten years depends altogether upon the development of this Western country. If the tide of emigration that is now going on continues, its possibilities will be boundless. The transportation problem appears to have been solved, for whatever of advantage the city may have lacked heretofore in that particular, it has made a determined effort to secure, and is now master of the situation. The speedy construction of the Leavenworth Northern and Southern Railroad, and the Leavenworth and Olathe Railroad, to both of which the city voted liberal aid for right of way and terminal facilities, will open up a new territory and place it in close connection with some of the largest and most powerful lines of road in the West. It will give another competing line to Kansas City and its entire system of roads. The building of the Leavenworth and Olathe line, connecting with the Fort Scott and Gulf road, virtually makes it the northern terminus of that immense system of Southern roads. The roads to Leavenworth are, the Missouri Pacific to St. Louis, and north to Omaha; a direct connection with the Central Branch Union Pacific, by Missouri Pacific, north; Kansas Division of the Union Pacific, Kansas City and Council Bluffs, a part of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and Burlington and Missouri River to Denver; the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific; the Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston; Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe; Kansas Central (narrow gauge) and Leavenworth, Topeka and Southwestern. "We commenced to grow in earnest," said a leading citizen to the writer, "when we got the Rock Island to come here, for then we excited a desire upon the part of rival lines to come also, so that now we have every needed transportation facility to the East as well as in other directions. Whenever the Rock Island makes a dash to capture a city or a State, then other roads feel that they have interests in that direction, and they come also." We were reminded of the remark of the gentleman referred to by the sight, at the Leavenworth depot, of the longest train of passenger coaches we ever saw attached to one locomotive, made up of four sleepers, five day coaches, two express cars and one baggage car, all bound for Chicago over the Rock Island road; "and what is more," said the depot-master, "trains like that are of frequent occurrence."

But transportation facilities will not of themselves build up a manufacturing city. Cheap fuel is required, and in endless amount. There are several coal mines in close proximity to Leavenworth, and the quality of coal produced is especially adapted to manufacturing purposes. It is supplied at from \$1.50 to \$2 per ton, which is at least \$1 less than it can be had for in any other city in the State. And what is of even more importance than its quality or its cheapness, is the fact that its supply is inexhaustible. This coal deposit of itself is sufficient to insure to Leavenworth for all time to come that prominence in manufacturing that will justify its title to distinction as an industrial center. Then, in addition to its advantages in the matter of cheap fuel, it is but a step to the iron fields of Southern Missouri and to the timber regions of Southwest Missouri, Arkansas and the Indian Territory.

"And do not forget to state," said an enthusiastic citizen, "that mechanics can live here very much cheaper than in the old settled regions of the East. The great abundance of fruits, vegetables and farm products generally, bring down the cost of living to the lowest possible limit, and every man who is so minded, can, if he will, secure a home of his own."

"And our banks," said another gentleman, "are conducted upon a liberal policy. The numerous and very successful business enterprises now here owe their success, mainly, to the liberal line of credit accorded them, which has enriched the lender as well as the borrower, and aided materially in building up the city. Oh, no! don't forget the banks in your description of Leavenworth, for we owe much to the generous and public-spirited men who control them."

It is not possible in a short résumé like this of the commercial and industrial advantages of Leavenworth to even name its multitudinous enterprises now in successful operation, but it will surprise the general public to learn that in many lines it has even attained eminence. Enough soap is made here in a year to cleanse the entire State; enough canned vegetables are put up in one season to feed the people of two or three States; enough syrup is made in one day to sweeten the entire nation for a week; enough flour is ground in twenty-four hours to supply 50,000 people with bread for the same length of time, while the cornmeal turned out may be measured by the ton, and then its exact product be understated. The stoves made here are sold in every State in the Union, and average over 60,000 a year; and though the plants are annually enlarged, yet they are never up to their orders. The manufacture of wagons of all kinds, especially for heavy hauling, is a leading industry, and employs the skill of over a thousand artisans. Planing mills, furniture factories and kindred enterprises are all here, and appear to be prosperous. A bridge works operating 350 men, one of the largest in this country, is located here, and is in successful operation. But there is scarcely need to prolong this recital, for no description, however fully

made, can do justice to this thriving, busy, growing city. It must be seen to be appreciated, and if the far-off readers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER would do themselves a favor, they will come here and see for themselves what a mighty civilization is being built up in the West.

JOHN H. PATTERSON.

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., May 15th, 1887.

A MILLIONAIRE'S BENEFACENCES.

THE will of the late W. C. De Pauw, of New Albany, Ind., leaves his wife and unmarried daughter about a million dollars, and his two sons about half a million apiece. To his married daughter he devises valuable property and the interest on \$50,000 for life. There are bequests to a large number of kinsfolk, and to an old and faithful servant, Katie Metz. The public bequests, as copied out by a New Albany correspondent for the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, are as follows:

"He gives to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, \$10,000; to the Church Extension Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, \$10,000; to the Preachers' Aid Society of Indiana Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, \$10,000; all to be paid annually in sums of \$1,000, the first payment to be made within twelve months of his decease; to the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, \$1,000; to the Bible Society, \$1,000; to the American Tract Society, \$1,000; to the Indiana State Society of the Young Men's Christian Association, \$1,000; to the Young Men's Christian Association of New Albany, \$1,000; to the Young Men's National Christian Association, \$1,000; all payable at the rate of \$100 per year to each.

"He bequeaths to De Pauw University, at Greencastle, Ind., \$200,000, and orders paid any residue that may be due of his previous gift of \$240,000. Of the residue of his estate after all bequests are paid, which he estimates at over \$2,000,000, he gives 40 per cent. to De Pauw University. His total bequests to the University will aggregate \$1,500,000.

"To the Church Extension Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church he makes a second bequest of \$100,000, to be paid at the rate of \$10,000 per year; the society to pay life annuities at the rate of 6 per cent. interest to his wife, daughters and sons during their lives. In the event that the Church Extension Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church refuses to accept the \$100,000 bequeathed to it on the terms of the bequest, then the \$10,000 previously bequeathed to it and the \$100,000 bequest are to go to De Pauw University on the terms prescribed of six per cent. annuities on the total sum to be paid his wife and children.

"He bequeaths to De Pauw College, at New Albany, \$10,000, to be paid annually in sums of \$1,000. This college is for the education of young women, and he desires it to be made a feeder for De Pauw University, at Greencastle. But he urges the Indiana Methodist Episcopal Conference to close this institution as a place of learning and convert it into a Methodist Home for the care and maintenance of persons without a home and adequate means of support, namely, aged male and female Methodists, as well as orphan children of Methodist parents. If such a home is established by the Conference, he bequeaths to it \$10,000 and five per cent. of the sales of all his improved and unimproved real estate, wherever situated, when sold.

"He bequeaths buildings and lots in New Albany valued at \$15,000 for an industrial school, infirmary hospital, a lying-in-hospital, home for the friendless, free reading-room, coffee and sandwich house, and lodging-rooms for transient persons. He bequeaths \$2,000 a year for this purpose, orders his executors to fit up the buildings in first-class style at the expense of his estate; bequeaths \$7,500 for the establishment of a fine drug and fancy store in one of the rooms, and orders the supply of medicines to the worthy poor, as well as food and clothing for them; he bequeaths, in addition, for the support of this grand institution and its endowment, five per cent. of the residue of his estate, this residue estimated at \$2,000,000. He also provides that in the event of the death of his daughter, Florence L., without marriage or issue, eighty per cent. of one-half of her estate goes to De Pauw University. The estate is valued at \$6,000,000 to \$7,000,000."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

OUT of some ten thousand species of birds recognized by ornithologists, there are 859 species which make their home in North America. There are also eighty-two others which find their way to this continent as stragglers from other countries.

"DERMATINE" is the new substance for soles of boots and shoes. It is impervious to wet, and has a stronger resistance to wear than leather. It stitches very well, and hence is superior to indiarubber, and gives a better grip in walking on wet surfaces.

It is generally conceded that steel shrinks slightly in hardening. Iron does not materially change in size, but goes out of shape somewhat, owing to its imperfect homogeneity. No one has ever satisfactorily explained why steel shrinks in hardening.

M. JANIN has discovered that a layer of cellulose on the surface of any fabric will render it waterproof. The mixture is prepared with pyroxyline, which is obtained by disaggregating some cellulose with paper or with rags in a mixture of sulphuric acid and azotic acid.

DR. BROWN-SEQUARD, the celebrated physiologist, says he has discovered that the moment the skin of the neck is cut all sensibility disappears, and that the best means of resuscitating persons asphyxiated by smoke, coal-gas or water is to apply galvanism to the skin of the neck—a method he has successfully employed.

DR. M. H. LEIKERTSTEIN, of Chicago, reports the remarkable effects of nitro-glycerine in resuscitating life. His patient was a woman, who sank rapidly and was apparently dead. Any action of the heart was imperceptible, the temperature of the body had fallen to 92 degrees Fahr., and every indication of death was present. A solution of nitro-glycerine was administered hypodermically, when there was a gasp, followed by three other within a minute. During the second minute six respirations were noted, with a faint fluttering of the heart, but no wrist-pulse was discernible. During the third minute eighteen respirations were evident and a feeble pulse. During the fourth minute the pulse rose to 180 and above, the face was flushed, the eyes rolled, the muscles slowly relaxed and the patient became comfortable.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER is reported to be in feeble health.

MR. STRAUSS, the United States Minister to Turkey, has arrived at Constantinople.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has accepted an invitation to visit St. Louis in September next.

MR. WHITNEY, the only Cabinet Minister who keeps his own carriage, employs an English coachman and footman.

MISS CLEVELAND's return to her former avocation of schoolteaching is said not to meet with the approval of the President.

THE Berlin newspapers recently announced, with leaded headlines, the arrival in that capital of "the great American oyster king," who hailed from that "centre of oyster culture," St. Louis.

GENERAL BOULANGER, the French Minister of War, is no carpet general. Between 1859 and 1871 inclusive he was wounded four times. In the Franco-German War he had his elbow broken by a ball.

EX-SENATOR THURMAN positively refuses the use of his name in connection with the nomination for Governor of Ohio. He says that he will not, under any possible circumstances, accept such a nomination.

MR. D. O. MILLS, the millionaire banker, has given \$80,000 for the purpose of erecting a new building on the grounds of Bellevue Hospital, New York, which will be used mainly as a training school for male nurses.

THE President has appointed Andrew H. Dill to be United States Marshal for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. He was once the Democratic nominee for Governor, and is a man of stern integrity and blameless character.

THE Czar of Russia returned to St. Petersburg from the Don Cossacks country three days earlier than he had intended to, owing to the fact that an attempt was made by a student to kill him during the festivities at Novo Teherkask by firing at him as he rode by in a carriage.

MRS. LOUISE THOMAS, the present President of Sorosis, is a fine-looking woman, with a superb mass of hair, still unthatched with gray, that she winds in dark coils about her head. Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake has aged somewhat in appearance, and her hair is getting quite white.

SOMETHING of a sensation has been created in London by a newspaper statement that Canon Fleming, one of the chaplains in ordinary to Her Majesty, has published as his own a sermon which was delivered six years ago by Rev. Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn. The Canon says the use of the sermon was an "inadvertence."

THE London society papers are constantly affirming that the Marquis of Lorne is snubbed at court, and that he is not liked by the Queen. But he has been a member of the royal party at all the Queen's recent public appearances, and she has on several occasions treated him with especial favor. Perhaps it is Jenkins who doesn't like the Marquis, rather than Her Majesty.

CAPTAIN DENSMORE, doorkeeper of the Executive Mansion, has resigned to accept a business offer with a manufacturing firm in New England. He has been nearly twelve years on the White House staff. One of his most conspicuous duties has been to accompany the President into the East Parlor at his tri-weekly receptions to the general public. He is so well known to frequenters of the White House, that he will be greatly missed.

DEBRA WHEELER, who has painted the portraits of most of the literary men and women of to-day, painted Mark Twain's not long ago, and said of him that she had never had among all her literary sitters one more thoughtful, learned and scholarly. "He would pass like a flash from the maddest and most irreverent waggery to a grave discussion of abstruse thought." It must have been, in one of the former "flashes" that the humorist declared Browning to be his favorite poet.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL GARLAND, referring to his alleged candidacy for the vacancy in the Supreme Court Bench, declares that he does not wish the place, would not take it if it was offered to him, and so stated to the President immediately after the death of Justice Woods. Mr. Garland's reasons for his determination are, that, on account of the unsatisfactory condition of his health since a severe sickness in March last, he has resolved to quit public life entirely at the close of his term as Attorney-general.

A DRUNKEN man met Mr. William O'Brien in the reading-room of a Toronto hotel and insisted on shaking hands with him. "Now," shouted the inebriate, in a loud and authoritative voice, "sit down there and write out your name." Mr. O'Brien looked surprised at the man's audacity, and then said: "Well, considering I traveled four thousand miles to denounce you in Scotland, I'm not going to submit to it here. I will not write my name." Although the people present were mostly friends of Lord Lansdowne, they applauded Mr. O'Brien.

THE mystery surrounding the Scotch yacht *Thistle*, with which Great Britain hopes to regain the America's cup, is partially dispelled by the announcement that the principal owner is William Clark, of Newark, N. J. In the recent races for the cup, Mr. Clark, who is the millionaire manufacturer of thread in Newark and in Scotland, became deeply interested, and when he visited Scotland soon after the race last Fall he consulted with a dozen prominent yachtmen, and the result was an order to a Clyde shipbuilder which has produced the *Thistle*. It cost about \$35,000, and will be fitted up plainly but comfortably.

JOHN PRESTON, the oldest citizen in the State of New Jersey, died at his home in Middlesex County, on May 22d. He was born in 1782, and would soon have reached his one hundred and fifth birthday. He never had a real sick day, and when he died it was simply and purely of old age. He married before he was twenty-five, and his surviving daughter is about eighty years old. He had children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren. In the Civil War he had fighting for the Stars and Stripes a child and grandchild, and wanted to go to the front himself, but was prevented by the combined influence of his kin. He attended to all the business of his farm when he was over one hundred years old, and it was no infrequent thing to see him as late as three years ago miles from home, on horseback, looking after his affairs with all the vigor of a man of fifty.



MEXICO.—THE CATHEDRAL ON THE GREAT SQUARE, CITY OF MEXICO.

OBJECTS OF INTEREST IN MEXICO.

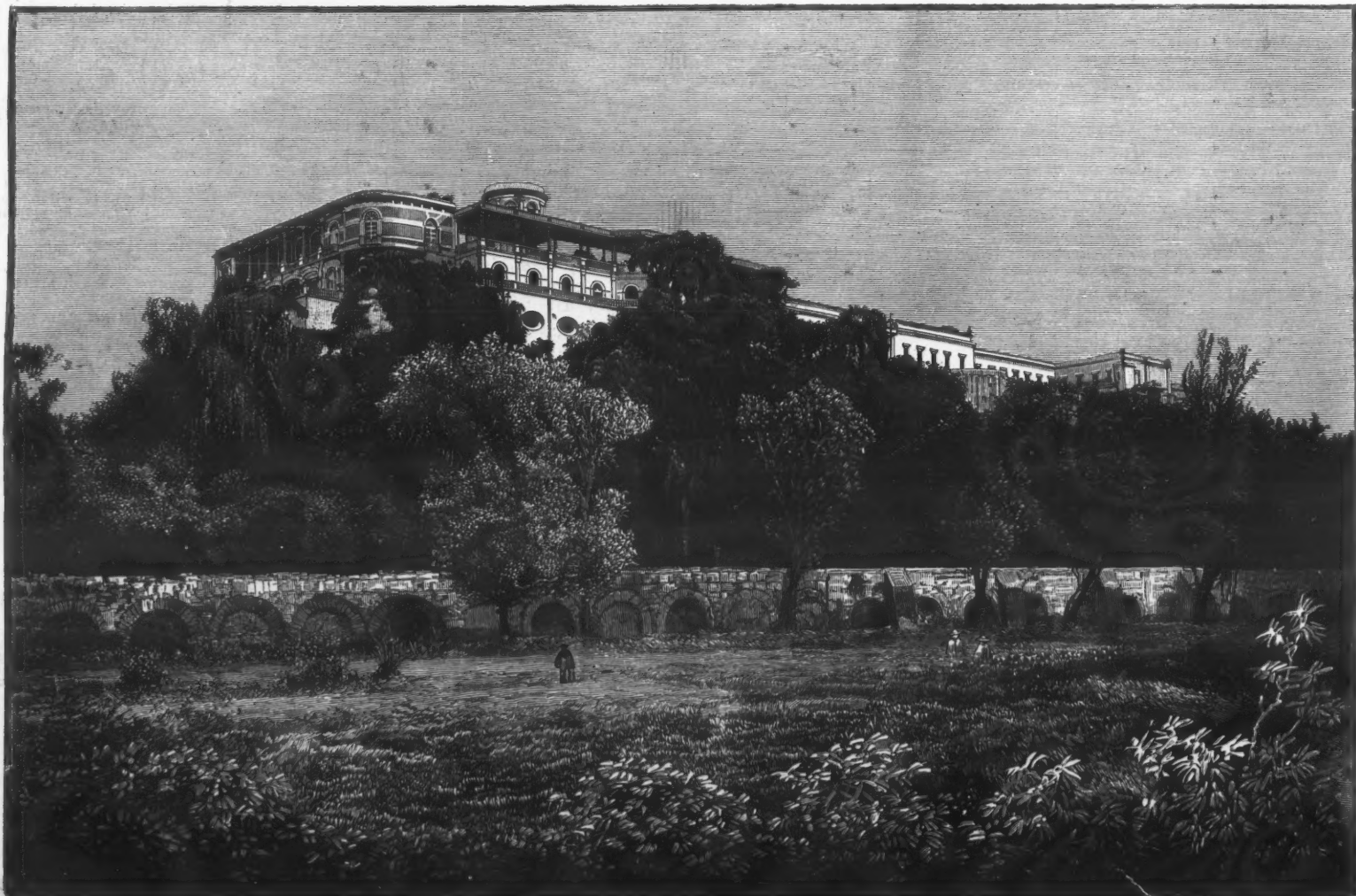
ONE of the conspicuous objects of interest in the City of Mexico is the Cathedral, fronting on the Plaza Mayor, or Great Square. The Cathedral, which is 500 feet in length by 420 in breadth, is a

majestic edifice of mixed Gothic and Indian architecture. Its front is gorgeously decorated, and it has two lofty towers ornamented with statues. The interior is rich and brilliant. There is a high altar with a statue of the Virgin, the dress of which is said to contain, besides other gems, dia-

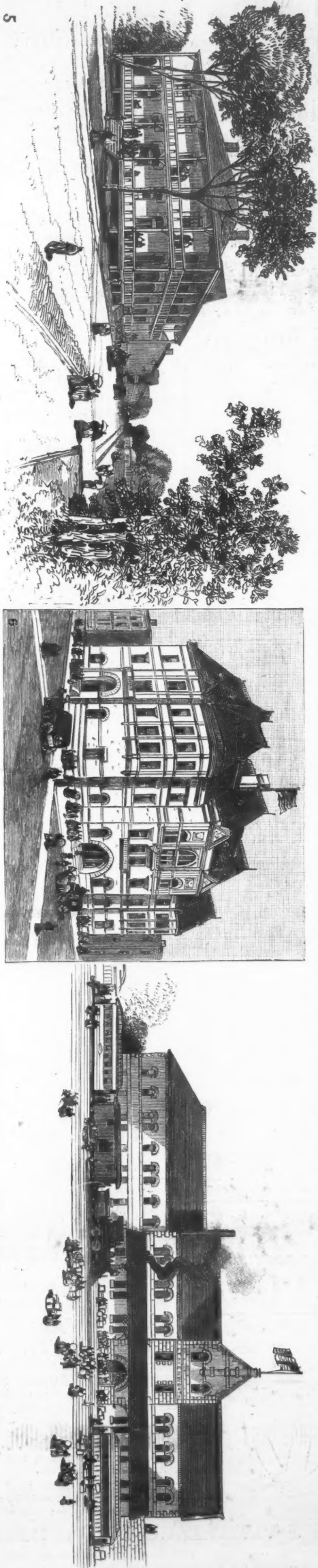
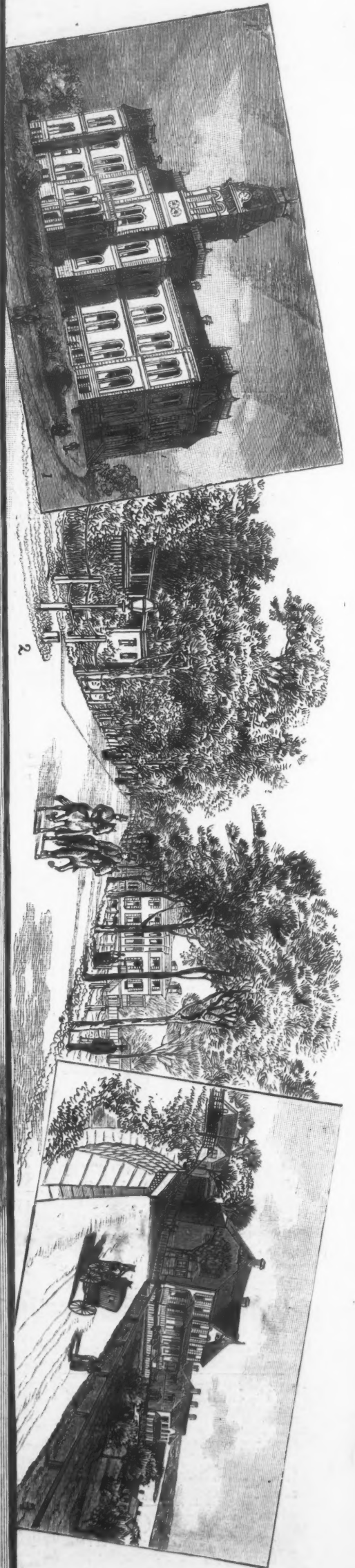
monds to the value of \$3,000,000. There are many crucifixes, candlesticks, reliquaries, etc., of gold and silver, adorned with jewels. In the vaulted roofing there is a painting by Juveno which is greatly admired.

Chapultepec, the famous fortress, of which we

give an illustration, is situated about two miles southwest of the metropolis. It consists of a rock rising to the height of over 150 feet, and covered by a castle. Chapultepec has a peculiar historic interest to Americans on account of its capture by our troops in the war of 1847.



MEXICO.—THE CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC, TWO MILES FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.



1. COURT-HOUSE. 2. ARSENAL AVENUE. 3. RIVERSIDE VIEW. 4. LEAVENWORTH. 5. SCHOOL OF APPLICATION AND LIBRARY AT THE FORT. 6. NEW POST-OFFICE. 7. NEW DEPOT OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY.

FROM SKETCHES BY C. BUNNELL.—SEE PAGE 250.

HE WOULD NOT PAY A CENT FOR IT.

A GENTLEMAN in Birmingham, Ala., seventy-five years of age, who had suffered with gout for thirty years, was recommended by a friend to try the Compound Oxygen, but he had so little faith in it that he "would not pay a cent for it." This friend then sent for a Treatment, and he consented to try it. At that time he was suffering with intense pain in knees and feet; the latter much swollen. Was greatly emaciated, and had been prostrated for weeks at a time. A few weeks since this friend visited him, and then wrote as follows:

COLUMBUS, ALA., June 15, 1886.
"I have just returned from visiting Mr. Ward, and was highly pleased to find him greatly improved. He and his wife are in high spirits. He has had a terrible time for months. Feet, hands, ankles and knees had been terribly swollen. For months and months he had not been able to have even a part of a night's sound sleep. After commencing the Home Treatment he had one of his worst spells for two or three days, and had given up all hope even of the Compound Oxygen. But he stuck to it. The first of last week he got one night's good, refreshing sleep. When he awoke the next morning he said to his wife: 'I have had a good night's sleep for the first time in months. But this is only temporary. I fear I shall not be able to sleep any to night.' But he did, and every night since he has slept well. He told me on Sunday that his hands were in their natural shape now for the first time in many months, and that he believed the swelling in the knees and ankles would now subside, as they were itching a great deal."

In the Treatise on Compound Oxygen can be found a full history of the remedy, and a large list of many more such interesting cases, which will be sent free by addressing DRs. STARKY & PALEN, No. 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

It really looks as though Mrs. James Brown Potter were sinking into obscurity. One whose professional life began with "Ostler Joe" should have had a more stable career.—Boston Transcript.

FORT GRISWOLD-ON-THE-SOUND.

This admirable hotel, opposite New London, near the famous Grotto Monument, will open June 25th, and with its cottages is to be under the management of Messrs. MATTHEWS & PIERSON, also proprietors of the popular Statue House, New York. They have had years of experience at Saratoga and elsewhere. Cut this out and send to them (N. Y.) at once for plan of rooms and illustrated announcement for the season which opens June 25th.—N. Y. Correspondence.

The best regulator of digestive organs and the best appetizer known is ANGIOTONIA BITTERS. Try it, but beware of imitations. Get from your grocer or druggist the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

TAYLOR'S CATARRH CURE is sold under a guarantee that, if purchaser is not convinced of its merits after a ten-days' trial, the price, \$2.50, will be refunded on its return to the principal depot, City Hall Pharmacy, 364 Broadway, New York. Send 4c. stamp for pamphlet. It is sure, safe, pleasant. Our readers can rely upon this.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

★ DIAMOND WORDS. ★

"There are a few things that I believe in with all my heart, and it affords me pleasure to tell of one of them." The speaker was ex-Senator Albert Merritt, head of the large fruit firm, 82 Park Place, N. Y., and the scene his office. "I was sick, and feared that I had become fated to endure the tortures of dyspepsia and a dangerous affection of the kidneys. A doctor said to me, 'Why don't you try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy?' I did so. I grew steadily better, could eat, digest, sleep, work with a clearer head, and the yellow color of my skin had given place to the tones

That Announce Pure Blood, and every organ of the body in healthy action. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is entitled to the credit of saving my life. If any one has a doubt about the truth of my statements let him write to me. I can give you the names and addresses of fifty persons who affirm, as I do, that Favorite Remedy, made by Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., has been to them

A HELP AND A BLESSING
In time of need." Mr. A. DeRevere, Tarrytown, N. Y., says: "For a long time I was troubled with severe attacks of Dizziness and Blind Sick Headache. I thought it was due to impure blood and a disordered state of the system. I was advised to try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I did so, and was completely cured. It's the best thing I ever heard of for any disorder of that nature, and I've recommended it to many with like success."

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy
Rondout, N. Y. All Druggists. \$1; 6 for \$5.

HALE'S HONEY

OF HOREHOUND AND TAR,
A Wonderful Cure for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Croup and Whooping Cough. Balmishes Coughs and Colds where other remedies have failed. Keep in readiness. 3 sizes—25c., 50c., \$1. Of all druggists. Beware of counterfeits.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in One Minute.
GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT
CURED AT HOME. NO PAIN.
Narcotism. Last sleep or interference with business. Directions simple. Terms Low. Treatment sent on trial and NO PAY asked until you are benefited. 1,000 Cures in Six Months. Particular FREE. THE HUMANE REMEDY CO., LAFAYETTE, IND.

CURE YOURSELF
Without Medicine
Our new Improved ELECTRIC BELT, Pat. Oct. 20, '85, gives continuous, mild, soothing currents, that can be directed to all parts of the system, thus—fusing the actual LAFAYETTE Principle, and in a natural way overcoming all Weaknesses. In Weak, Debilitated Vital Forces, Nervous Exhaustion, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Backache, Dyspepsia, Kidney and Bladder Troubles Renewed Vigor and Improved Health. See day's use. Send pamphlet 2c. stamp. The Sander Electric Co. 822 Broadway, New York.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1874.
C. WEIS
Mr. of Meerschum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale & retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 309 Broadway, N.Y. Factories, 60 Walker St., and Vienna, Austria. Sterling Silver-lined Pipes, etc., made in newest designs.



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE
COMPOUND
OFFERS THE
SUREST REMEDY
FOR THE

PAINFUL ILLS AND DISORDERS SUFFERED BY WOMEN EVERYWHERE.

It relieves pain, promotes a regular and healthy recurrence of periods and is a great help to young girls and to women past maturity. It strengthens the back and the pelvic organs, bringing relief and comfort to tired women who stand all day in home, shop and factory.

Leucorrhoea, Inflammation, Ulceration and Displacements of the Uterus have been cured by it, as women everywhere gratefully testify. Regular physicians often prescribe it.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1.00.

Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" mailed to any lady sending stamp to the Laboratory, Lynn, Mass.

BOKER'S BITTERS

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL
Stomach Bitters,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE
HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.

L. FUNK, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r,
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

Oh! for a Mat

that won't get all full of mud, or all wet, or frozen stiff, or useless in a few weeks. That's just what the Hartman Steel Wire Door Mat is made for—to overcome all these annoyances. Cleans dirty shoes like a flash, is neat, strong, self-cleaning, pretty near everlasting and don't cost much. You ought to have one right away. Drop in to your dealer's and look at them. If he don't keep them drop a postal to

HARTMAN STEEL CO., Limited,
BEAVER FALLS, PA.

140 Congress St., Boston; 89 Chambers St., New York; 103 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Just the thing for residences, stores, offices, hotels, cars, etc.



ONLY FOR
Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

Use PERRY'S MOOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the infallible Skin Medicine.

Send for circular.
BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.
Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

DRUNKENNESS or the Liquor Habit
Positively Cured
In any of its stages. All desire or craving for stimulants entirely removed. Medicine can be given without knowledge of the patient, by placing it in coffee, tea or articles of food. Cures guaranteed. Send for particulars. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

GREENWAY'S SALE
INDIA PALE

INGLASS OR WOOD.
FULLY EQUAL TO THE
BEST IMPORTED
FOR FAMILY
OR CLUB USE.
RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST PHYSICIANS.
FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS & DEALERS.
THE GREENWAY BREWING CO. SYRACUSE, N.Y.
SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

\$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

Golden Hair Wash

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

MERINO UNDERWEAR.

Messrs.
JAMES McCREERY & CO.
Are now offering complete lines of the

"Furley and Buttrum Brand"

of Merino Underwear—in weights adapted to the Spring and Summer season—for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.

These Goods are not excelled by any line of English manufacture, are moderate in price, and guaranteed to be in every respect as represented.

ORDERS BY MAIL

from any part of the country receive prompt and careful attention.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.,
Broadway and 11th St.,
NEW YORK.

White Mountain Hotels

FRANCONIA MOUNTAINS.

PEMIGEWASSET HOUSE,
PLYMOUTH, N. H.

Now open for the reception of guests. Accommodates 250 persons. Has steam-heat and every modern convenience, and is arranged expressly for those desiring to spend the Spring in the White Mountains. Four hours' ride from Boston via Boston and Lowell R. R.

Exceedingly low rates will be made for June and September.

Plymouth is the gateway to the famous Pemigewasset Valley. For circulars, terms, etc., address C. H. MARDEN.

SUNSET HILL HOUSE,

WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.,

Has accommodation for 250 guests, and is situated on an elevation of 1,650 feet, commanding

VIEWS OF THE ENTIRE RANGE OF WHITE AND FRANCONIA MOUNTAINS.

Five acres of grounds for outdoor games. Broad piazzas, over three hundred feet in length, surrounding the house. Music for dancing, private theatricals, etc. Large livery and good laundry connected with the house. Telegraph office and railroad station, Lisbon, N. H. For circulars, etc., address, BOWLES & HOSKINS, Sugar Hill, N. H.

CHISWICK INN,

LITTLETON, N. H.

Extensive accommodations this season. One of the most charming resorts in the White Mountains.

Address, A. W. WEEKS.

NEW HOTEL LOOKOFF,

SUGAR HILL, WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.

Accommodates two hundred guests; supplied with gas, electric bells and all modern improvements. Unsurpassed views of the entire range of mountains. Orchestral music for the season. Open July 1st. Railroad Station, Lisbon, N. H. Circulars upon application. HIRAM NOYES, Sugar Hill, N. H.

PROSPECT HOUSE,

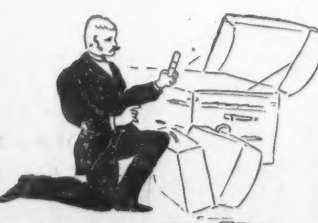
WHITE MOUNTAINS, BETHLEHEM, N. H.

OPEN JUNE 1st.

Remodeled and greatly improved this season. Large farm connected with hotel. Unsurpassed views of Mts. Washington and Lafayette. Terms reasonable. Send for descriptive circular.

MRS. GEO. W. PHILLIPS & SON.

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.
COCOA



I Owe My Life.
CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago With bilious fever."
"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I Could not move! I shrunk! From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles, I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life." Dublin, June 6, '86. R. FITZPATRICK.

CHAPTER II.

"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1886. Gentlemen—I suffered with attacks of sick headache. Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner. No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure, until I used Hop Bitters. 'The first bottle Nearly cured me.' The second made me as well and strong as when a child, 'And I have been so to this day.' My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious 'Kidney, liver and urinary complaint. 'Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—'Incurable!' Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him, and I know of the 'Lives of eight persons' In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters. And many more are using them with great benefit. 'They almost do miracles!'"

—Mrs. E. D. Slack.

How to Get Sick.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise, work too hard without rest, doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know How to Get Well—which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism. Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water. All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has worked a miracle in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave. J. W. MOREY, Buffalo, Oct. 1, 1884.

I Write This

Token of the great appreciation I have of your * * * Bitters. I was afflicted With inflammatory rheumatism!!! For nearly

Seven years, and no medicine seemed to do me any Good!!! Until I tried two bottles of your Hop Bitters, and to my surprise I am as well to-day as ever I was. I hope "You may have abundant success" In this great and Valuable medicine! Anyone * * * wishing to know more about my cure? Can learn by addressing me, E. M. Williams, 1103 16th street, Wash. D. C.

Seaside Resorts.

OLD ORCHARD BEACH, MAINE.

SEA SHORE HOUSE,

CAPACITY, 300. OPEN JUNE 15th.

Finest bathing beach in the world. Hotel located directly on the shore, and contains every modern improvement. Water supply from the famous Indian Spring, four miles distant.

For descriptive circular and terms, address F. G. STAPLES, PROPRIETOR.

NORTH RYE BEACH, N. H.

"THE OCEAN WAVE."

[ACCOMMODATION, 150.]

Will commence the season June 15th. Superb ocean and landscape views. Music rooms and orchestra. Reduced rates in June and September; July and August, \$10 to \$14 per week. Send for descriptive circulars. R. R. Station and P. O. address, Portsmouth, N. H.

HENRY KNOX, PROPRIETOR.

Do You
Shave While Traveling?

Travelers, or those who shave at home, will find WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK a CONVENIENCE AND A LUXURY; unequaled in richness and permanency of lather, delicacy of perfume, and in Soothing and Healing qualities.

Very Portable.

Each stick in a wooden case, neatly covered with red morocco leatherette. Ask your Druggist for it or send 25cts. in Stamps and receive it post-paid by mail. The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

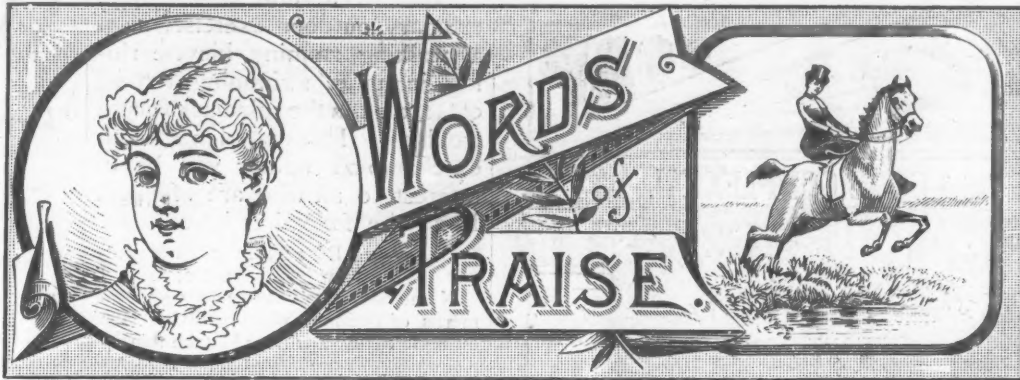
Strengthens the intellect, restores lost functions, builds up worn-out nerves, promotes good digestion, cures all weaknesses and nervousness.

56 WEST 25TH STREET, NEW YORK.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS, OR MAIL, \$1.00.

Female Weakness.

Mrs. W. H. MORELAND, of Sidney, Ohio, says: "Some six years ago I was a great sufferer from leucorrhoea, with severe bearing-down pains across me, and also in the small of my back. Two bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' cured me permanently. I have also taken your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' as a tonic, with the most gratifying results."



Perfectly Miserable.

Mrs. J. W. MACKAY, care of E. B. W. Shops, Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "I am happy to tell you of the great benefit I have received from the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When I commenced the use of this medicine, I weighed only 100 pounds, and was perfectly miserable; now I weigh 132 pounds, and am feeling real well. I heartily recommend your 'Favorite Prescription' to our sex."

The following words, in praise of DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION, as a remedy for those delicate diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, must be of interest to every sufferer from such maladies. They are fair samples of the spontaneous expressions with which thousands give utterance to their sense of gratitude for the inestimable boon of health which has been restored to them by the use of this world-famed medicine.

\$100 THROWN AWAY.

JOHN E. SEGAR, of Millenbeck, Va., writes: "My wife had been suffering for two or three years with female weakness, and had paid out one hundred dollars to physicians without relief. She determined to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which really did her more good than did all the medicine given to her by the physicians during the three years they had been practicing upon her."

The Best Medicine for Women.—Mrs. V. A. WEST, Columbia, Mo., writes: "The 'Favorite Prescription' is the best medicine I ever used. I have better health this summer than I have had since I married, and that has been thirty years. I have taken five bottles."

Never So Well in Ten Years.—Mrs. BELLE BOND, Breckenridge, Colo., writes: "I have taken two bottles of your 'Discovery' and one of your 'Favorite Prescription,' and your medicine has done me more good than all the doctors' stuff I have ever taken. I have not been so well in ten years as I am at present."

DON'T DESPAIR.

Mrs. BETTIE BURTON, Bells, Bedford Co., Va., writes: "I was a great sufferer from womb affection, and took four bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets,' from which I obtained decided relief, and such relief as I had despaired of. For a year and a half my health has remained perfect. Tendering my thanks poorly expresses my gratitude. Many of my relatives and friends have used your remedies, and in every instance they improved."

Irregular Menses.—Mrs. E. F. McPHERSON, 111 South Stricker Street, Baltimore, Md., writes: "I have taken many a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for painful and scanty menses, and it always relieved me. In fact, it made me regular, and before I took your medicine it used to be two or three months before I would have them at all."

A GOD-SEND TO HER SEX.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.: *Gentlemen*—I beg time and permission to add my humble testimony to that of thousands of others to the inestimable benefits my wife has received from the use of your family medicines. Having contracted a severe cold last winter, which finally settled on her lungs, and in connection with the "Pellets"; and almost from the first dose of the medicine there was a marked and unmistakable improvement in her condition. Shortly after commencing upon the use of your medicine, six great boils appeared on different parts of the body and discharged an incredible amount of corruption, which my wife thinks was due to the wonderful influence of your great medicine as a blood-purifier. But, be that as it may, it is certain that from that time she has enjoyed better health than at any previous period for ten years. She also suffered for years from bleeding piles, and from certain disagreeable bearing-down sensations in the lower part of the abdomen. But ever since using your medicine she has been entirely free from all this. She declares that, as a means of regulating the menstrual flow, your "Favorite Prescription" is a "God-send to her sex."

Mrs. LYDIA BELL, of Morristown, Tenn., declares that the "Golden Medical Discovery" is the very best medicine she has ever used, and she has taken hundreds of bottles of patent medicines.

Respectfully yours, SAMUEL I. BELL.
Mrs. E. J. McELROY, Anderson, Shasta Co., Cal., writes: "I have been married ten years; suffered from inflammation, congestion, constipation, piles, leucorrhoea, nervousness, headache, etc. Have taken only one and a half bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' with the 'Pellets,' and feel like a new being."

THREW AWAY HER SUPPORTER.

Mrs. SOPHIA F. BOSWELL, White Cottage, O., writes: "I took eleven bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Pellets.' I am doing my work, and have been for some time. I have had to employ help for about six or seven years before I commenced taking your medicine. I have had to wear a supporter most of the time; this I have laid aside, and feel as well as I ever did."

Weak and Nervous.—Mrs. F. D. BERRY, Oran, N. Y., writes: "For three years I suffered greatly from female complaints. For two years I was unable to do any work; could hardly walk, I was so weak and nervous. I had constant choking. At times it seemed as though I would die. The doctors told me it was nervous disease. I was treated all the time, but seemed to grow worse. I commenced taking your 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery' last May, and am happy to say that I find myself sound and well. I spent a great deal of money without any benefit until I took your medicine. I have never had anything do me so much good in my life."

THE BEST MEDICINE.

Mrs. S. A. FREEMAN, of Reidsville, Rockingham Co., N. C., writes: "I want to say that your Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery have done me more good than the physician who has treated me. After taking your medicines, I gained several pounds. I think your 'Favorite Prescription' the best medicine for ladies with which I am acquainted."

Womb Disease.—Mrs. NANCY W. ENLOE, of Forestburgh, Montague Co., Texas, who was terribly afflicted with womb disease for fifteen years, writes: "Before I commenced upon the use of your 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Purgative Pellets,' I had pain in nearly every part of my body, and could not walk a mile; but now the pain is gradually leaving me, and I am able to walk three miles."

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call upon their family physicians, one with dyspepsia, another with palpitation, another with backache, or nervousness, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all symptoms caused by some womb disorder. While the physician is ignorant of the cause of suffering, he encourages his practice until large bills are made, when the suffering patient is no better, but probably worse for the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause would probably have entirely removed the disease, thereby instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

3 PHYSICIANS FAILED.

Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass., says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was perfectly cured, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, and enclosing a stamped-envelope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters, thanking, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the \$1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

Non-appearance of Menses.—Mrs. ANNA M. SCHERER, 2803 Bay Hill, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "It is with pleasure that I inform you that our child, Anna Margaret, has been cured after using your 'Favorite Prescription' for four months. Her menses came on the first time after twenty-six days, and the second time after twenty-seven days. She is improving in weight, has a good appetite, and is cheerful. She also takes your 'Pellets,' and likes them, as they are much easier to take than other pills. Whoever saw our child in the spring and sees her now, is astonished at her improved appearance, and she informs all her friends that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription restored her. I cannot praise the 'Favorite Prescription' too highly as a medicine to strengthen the whole system and to regulate the menses."

THE GREATEST EARTHLY BOON.

Mrs. GEORGE HERGER, of Westfield, N. Y., writes: "I was a great sufferer from leucorrhoea, bearing-down pains, and pain continually across my back. Three bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' restored me to perfect health. I treated with Dr. — for nine months, without receiving any benefit. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the greatest earthly boon to us poor suffering women."

Asthma Due to Uterine Disease, Cured by "Favorite Prescription."—R. G. WALLACE, Esq., of Del Rio, Texas, writes: "My wife took three bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' to remove a disease, or combination of diseases, peculiar to women. She had suffered many years with asthma. It seemed to fill the lungs with tenacious mucus, and her breathing was performed with so great difficulty that death was seemingly near at hand. She is now entirely clear of any symptoms of asthma, and we are satisfied that the 'Favorite Prescription' cured her. It has been eight months since she took the medicine, and she has not had a spell since. There was never a month before that time that she did not have a spell, and was seldom entirely clear or free from it. I take the liberty of sending you my experience with your medicine, which I think will widen its range of popularity and usefulness, as every one knows that asthma is considered incurable."

THE HOPELESS ARE COMFORTED.

HENRY FEY, Anna, Ohio, writes: "My wife suffered two years and more from female complaint of a very aggravated form. The physicians all said that she also had consumption, and considered her case hopeless. I procured your 'Favorite Prescription,' and after she used two bottles she was a well woman. Ever since, I have been an enthusiast in regard to your medicines, and have recommended them to several who have been benefited by the use of them as much as my wife. I have known your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and your 'Purgative Pellets,' to produce cures that seemed perfectly marvelous. I cured a woman with three bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' where a doctor had treated her six months for liver complaint and dyspepsia."

Ulceration of the Womb.—Mrs. CATHERINE MARTIN, (Box 664,) Valparaiso, Ind., writes: "Five years ago I was taken sick with ulceration of the womb. I was treated by two of the best doctors in this city. They said my case was hopeless, and that they could do nothing for me. I tried all kinds of patent medicine without relief. I gradually grew worse, until last May my family gave me up to die. My doctor said he never knew a case as bad as I was to recover. I then began to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Favorite Prescription, and the washes prescribed in Dr. Pierce's little book on diseases of women. I commenced getting better, and at this time I am almost well. I heartily recommend these medicines to all ladies suffering with similar diseases."

Female Weakness.—H. T. GILMAN, Esq., Mattoon, Coles Co., Ill., writes: "My wife has taken two bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and one of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and they have helped her more than any other medicine she has ever taken."

IT WORKS WONDERS.

Mrs. MAY GLEASON, of Nunica, Ottawa Co., Mich., writes: "Your 'Favorite Prescription' has worked wonders in my case. I think it is just the medicine for female complaints." Again she writes: "Having taken several bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' since my last writing to you, I desire to state that I have regained my health wonderfully, to the astonishment of myself and friends. I can now be on my feet all day, attending to the duties of my household, feeling only slightly fatigued at night."

Female Weakness.—Mrs. BETTIE BATES, Hale City, Mo., writes: "I must express my heart-felt thanks to Providence for guiding me to the aid of your great and good medicine. I have derived more real benefit for the length of time than I have for years from the best physicians here and in the State. I am taking the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription,' and getting along nicely."

Seriously Out of Health.—Mrs. M. LOVETT, Amite City, La., writes: "Some years ago, being seriously out of health, I began the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. By the time I had used six bottles I was entirely well. When I began this treatment I could not lift a broom without pain. I was very much debilitated and very nervous."

COULD WRITE PAGES OF COMMENDATION.

Mrs. ANNA M. HALL, of Bath, Brown Co., Dak., writes: "I took two bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two of the 'Favorite Prescription.' By this time I felt like a new woman, so I quit taking medicines and have not taken any since. I feel well all the time and eat quite heartily. I have induced a great many to try your medicine, and all think they could not do without them. I could write you at least ten pages about the good your medicines have done, if I only had the time."

A Great Sufferer Cured.—Mrs. VIOLA ALLEN, of Au Sable, Mich., writes: "I was under the treatment of a doctor who was esteemed the best in town; I doctored a year, and every day while under his treatment I would have from two to four chills, and I suffered a great deal from sharp lancinating pain, so that I was scarcely able to be up around the house during that time. I was then advised by a sister to use your medicine. She had been suffering from weakness and falling of the womb, and had found relief in taking your 'Favorite Prescription.' So I left off doctoring at once, and began taking your 'Prescription,' and 'Discovery,' and 'Pellets' alternately, and my health at present is the best it has been in a number of years. I soon found relief in taking your medicines."

Prolapsus.—E. J. WILLIAMS, Esq., of Carter's Furnace, Carter Co., Tenn., writes: "When my wife began the use of your 'Favorite Prescription,' she was suffering from prolapsus, or falling of the womb, so bad that she could with difficulty stay up while her bed was being made; she had been in this condition for about three months. She took the 'Favorite Prescription' and your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and before the first bottle of each was used, she could sit up about one-third of the day, and her health continued to improve until she gained her usual strength. She took only five bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' and one of the 'Golden Medical Discovery.'"

JEALOUS DOCTORS.

A Marvelous Cure.—Mrs. G. F. SPRAGUE, of Crystal, Mich., writes: "I was troubled with female weakness, leucorrhoea and falling of the womb for seven years, so I had to keep my bed for a great part of the time. I doctored with an army of different physicians, and spent large sums of money, but received no lasting benefit. At last my husband persuaded me to try your medicines, which I was loath to do, because I was prejudiced against them, and the doctors said they would do me no good. I finally told my husband that if he would get me some of your medicines, I would try them against the advice of my physician. He got me six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' also six bottles of the 'Discovery,' for ten dollars. I took three bottles of 'Discovery' and four of 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have been a sound woman for four years. I then gave the balance of the medicine to my sister, who was troubled in the same way, and she cured herself in a short time. I have not had to take any medicine now for almost four years."

Weak Back.—Mrs. CHARLOTTE W. SMITH, of Sidney, Iowa, writes: "I desire to say that I have taken two bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' and I think it has cured my weak back."

OVERWORKED WOMEN.

For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, dress-makers, seamstresses, general house-keepers, and overworked and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics.

NOT A "CURE-ALL."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nerve, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system.

It promptly cures nausea and weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, eructations of gas, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness in either sex. "Favorite Prescription" is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. For conditions, see wrapper around bottle. **Price reduced to \$1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for \$5.00.**

EVERY INVALID LADY

should send for "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," in which over fifty pages are devoted to the consideration of diseases peculiar to women. Illustrated with numerous wood-cuts and colored plates. It will be sent, post-paid, to any address, for **\$1.50**. A large pamphlet, Treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, will be sent for ten cents in postage stamps.

Address,

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.



THE TEMPLE OF BEAUTY.

Miss Fortescue,
Mad. Adelina Patti,
Mad. Marie Roze,
Miss Mary Anderson,
Mrs. Langtry.

ALL the above Beautiful Women have honored Messrs. PEARS with their written testimony to the excellence of PEARS' SOAP.

FOR IMPROVING THE HANDS AND COMPLEXION.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

PIANOS

Are at present the most popular, and preferred by leading Artists.

149 to 155 E. 14th St., N.Y.

Paillard's MUSIC BOXES

ARE THE BEST.

They play selections from all the Standard and Light Operas and the most Popular Music of the Day.

Send stamp for Descriptive Price List to

M. J. PAILLARD & CO.,
680 Broadway, New York City.

(FACTORY AT STE. CROIX, SWITZERLAND.)

RAWSON'S (Self-Adjusting) U. S. ARMY

SUSPENSORY BANDAGE.

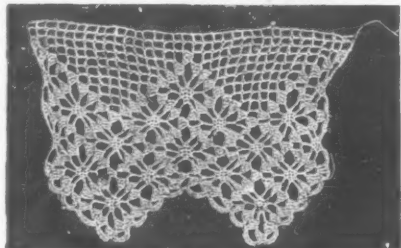
A Perfect Fit Guaranteed—Support, Relief, Comfort, AUTOMATICALLY ADJUSTABLE.

DISPLACEMENT IMPOSSIBLE.

Lecture on Nervous Tension and Circular Mailed Free. Sold by Druggists. Sent by mail safely.

S. E. G. RAWSON, Patentee, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

Barbour's Flax Thread



LADIES

Fond of Crochet Work may make a beautiful Lace for Curtain, or other Trimming, from

BARBOUR'S No. 10 SHOE THREAD.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

THE BARBOUR BROTHERS COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

THE TEST OF THE ROADS FOR TEN YEARS.
By the majority of American riders of first-class machines, prove the **COLUMBIA** Bicycles and Tricycles SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS. Illustrated catalogues sent free.

POPE MFG. CO., CHICAGO, HARTFORD.

CURE FOR THE DEAF

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y.

MATTINGS.

500 different styles China and Japanese (Straw) Mattings. Rare Novelties in Damask and Mosaic effects. White from \$5 per roll. Red check and fine fancy patterns from \$8 per roll of 40 yards.

SHEPPARD KNAPP & CO.,

SIXTH AV. AND 13TH ST.

EXPERIENCE OF AN EX-CHAMPION.

Athletes and men who take ordinary outdoor exercise, such as walking, running, bicycle riding, jumping, swimming, tennis, etc., are often the subjects of acute troubles. The experience of an ex-champion walker will be of interest to all who are afflicted. Read the following letter:

324 EAST NINETEENTH STREET,
NEW YORK, April 2, 1886.

Numerous statements relative to the merits of different plasters having been brought to my attention, I take this opportunity to state that I have used Allcock's Porous Plasters for over 20 years, and prefer them to any other kind.

HARRY BROOKS.

Do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

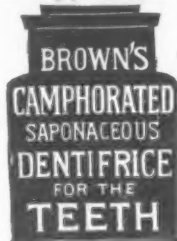
CASTORIA

Mother's Great Medicine for Children.

Physicians recommend Castoria.
Mothers rely upon Castoria.
Children cry for Castoria.

Do You Know It?

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA is a matchless Remedy for Consumption in every Stage of the Disease. For Coughs, Weak Lungs, Throat Diseases, Loss of Flesh and Appetite, and all forms of General Debility it is an unequalled Specific Remedy. GET THE SURE AND GET WINCHESTER'S PREPARATION. \$1 and \$2 per bottle. Sold by Druggists. **WINCHESTER & CO.,**



A MOST AGREEABLE ARTICLE

Cleaning and Preserving the Teeth

PURIFYING THE BREATH.

It is the Best Toilet Luxury known. For sale by Druggists, etc., 25c. a bottle.

EARL & WILSON'S LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS
BEST IN THE WORLD.

Waltham Timing Watches.

With or Without Split Seconds, and Minute Register.

MANUFACTURED AND GUARANTEED BY THE

American Waltham Watch Co.,

WALTHAM, MASS.

THE WALTHAM CHRONOGRAPH combines an ACCURATE stop-watch for sporting, astronomical and general scientific purposes, with a RELIABLE time-keeper for ordinary use.

The mechanism to start, stop and fly back is of the most simple and durable construction and is independent of the other parts of the movement.

The Waltham Watch Factory is the oldest in America, the most extensive and best equipped in the world, and produces the finest and best watches made.

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS JEWELERS.

INTERESTING BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

"Mountain, Lake and Valley,"
By the B. & L.,
AND

"Winnepesaukee and About There."

Both amply illustrated; descriptive of the White and Franconia Mountains, and of the Hill and Lake Country of New Hampshire and Vermont; just issued by the

BOSTON & LOWELL R. R.

For the season of 1887. These books will be mailed free to any address on receipt of six cents for each book to prepay postage, on application to

GEO. W. STORER, Gen. Pass'r Agt., Boston, Mass.

Brass Beds and Children's Cribs

Clean, Elegant and Durable. The only kind used in Europe.

NEW YORK BRASS FURNITURE CO.,
39 Union Square.

STAMMERING

And all nervous affections of speech thoroughly corrected. "I have no hesitation in recommending Mr. Aldrich to speech sufferers."—W. A. HAMMOND, M.D., ex-Surgeon General, U.S.A. For full particulars, testimonials from eminent men, etc., send for circular.

I. R. ALDRICH, 9 West 14th Street, N. Y.

ALL STYLES. **THE AMERICAN CYCLES**
DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE
ON APPLICATION.
GORMULLY & JEFFERY
MFG. CO.,
CHICAGO, ILL.
& PRICES. THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN AMERICA.

USE **TARRANT'S SELTZER** APERIENT
FOR
DYSPEPSIA,
SICK HEADACHE,
CONSTIPATION.

"By every feature I can see You're Bilious in a high degree, You're losing snap and losing weight, Your pulse runs at a railroad rate. In 'Nature's Remedy' behold A certain Cure for young and old. The Constipation will depart, The Indigestion quickly start. And soon Sick Headache will subside When Tarrant's Seltzer has been tried."



TARRANT'S Effervescent Seltzer Aperient

Is taken with positive pleasure by young and old. Is prompt and efficient, without debilitating. Leaves the system in an exhilarated condition.

Manufactured only by
TARRANT & CO.,
NEW YORK.

Sold by
Reputable Druggists
EVERYWHERE.

Established 1834.